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AN EXTRAORDINARY STATE OF THINGS.

THE LATE ANNIVERSARY OF THE "AMERICAN" DRAMATIC FUND ASSOCIATION.

THE Drama, it will we believe be acknowledged, has, in this community,—in the necessities of its position, in the inferiority of pieces, the inevitable errors and accidents of management, and in the steady resistance of large classes of persons of influence and character,—a sufficient burden to carry without voluntarily taking upon its back any "extra" incumbrances. It was not a bad purpose,—on the contrary it is one which might well secure much approval—to form an association of a fraternal character which might protect its interests and present them to the world, from time to time, with an air of authority and decorum; to show that however assailed and pressed upon from without, the heart of the cause was sound, and could still summon to its advocacy enough of good sense and manly feeling to maintain it as a substantial object of regard. The corporation formed under a charter granted by the Legislature of the State of New York, some three years since, seemed to be one of this kind. Its benevolent purpose, "to form a fund to make provision" for the decayed members of the theatrical profession, and the name it assumed—"The American Dramatic Fund Association"—seemed sufficiently comprehensive to claim both the respect and sympathy of the community in which it was planted. To be sure, we observed, in the application for the charter and in the selection of the original trustees, that five sixths of the movers were *not* Americans; but we supposed, that even in the entire absence of American co-operators, the name of "American," which it had assumed to itself, would be at all times a sure pledge and guarantee of a reasonable consideration and deference to the feeling and character of our community; at least that nothing should be done in that name, to which Americans could take a just exception. Least of all did we suppose that everything of an American character would be entirely discarded, and that at so early a period as its third Anniversary it would altogether repudiate its title. If not a deliberate design—it certainly

is a great misfortune—that an association of such considerable promise, both in name and object—should have been so hasty in disavowing its own prospectus. It bound itself to conditions which it should have been careful to observe: those conditions were self-imposed. If it had chosen to organize and to name itself otherwise, it might have gone on its career unchallenged by us. For instance, there is the St. George's Society, a professed association of British gentlemen, who assemble annually to signalize their attachment to their native country, and by speech, song, and sentiment, to testify to feelings which are entirely natural and honorable. Who objects to that? Towards foreign artists resident here, we have no narrow, much less any hostile feeling. They are welcome. Many of them we respect for their personal qualities: many we admire for the genius with which they contribute to the fund of public entertainment. All we ask, in return, is that they shall remember that the bond between them and the community in which they live is mutual, and that they must be willing to give as well as to take. This consideration seems to have been entirely cast aside, as we propose to show by an examination of the proceedings of the late Third Anniversary Dinner of the (so called) "American" Dramatic Fund Association. In this we shall not be understood as charging upon any of the parties concerned a deliberate purpose to affront this community: that would be certainly an offence of too grave a character, from that quarter, to be lightly disposed of. We shall rather be willing, for the present, to consider it as an error, into which the conductors have been hurried by an over eager ambition to push their own particular views and interests, without reflecting how far, in so doing, they were trespassing upon the rights and immunities of others. It was certainly not a hopeful premonitory that the tickets to this dinner, usually bestowed upon the public journals, were understood to be restricted to quarters which it was supposed were pledged to an endorsement of the management of the association—lead wherever it might. Nor was it a favorable augury that other tickets of an honorary character were bestowed upon persons in no way connected with the Press or the Drama, or known to have befriended the latter, merely on the expectation that they might possibly contribute to the fund. That the entire company were kept waiting, for the space of an hour, for the arrival of these supposititious patrons, did not certainly diminish the singularity of the auspices under which this third anniversary dinner was entered upon. When at length the company was permitted to enter the "large dining-room" of the Astor House (this dinner is occurring in the city of New York), a daily Journal reports that "the tables were magnificently set forth, and among the adornments of the board were some curious and appropriate pieces of confectionery (all made in the Astor House), among which we noticed statues of Shakespeare, Falstaff, Romeo and Juliet, Paul Pry, and representations of Shakespeare's House, ship Constitution, &c., &c." We have also, in various papers, an enumeration of officers and guests, and we do not find anywhere a recogni-

tion of the presence of a single American manager, actor, or author, at this public celebration of the third anniversary dinner of the "American" Dramatic Fund Association. And to keep the Drama as much out of sight as possible, we have in the regular order, seven toasts in honor of "the President of the U. S.," "Army and Navy," "Governor of the State," and, will the reader believe it, "the Mayor and Common Council," "the Bar," "the Medical Profession," then "the Press" (which was spoken to with great propriety by Erastus Brooks, Esq.), and eighthly, "the Drama and the Actors," to which nobody appears to have been present to respond. Poor Drama! Various other toasts and speeches—"the band then played a beautiful and appropriate air"—and (another attempt) "the Drama" was the next regular toast. Mr. Thomas Hamblin, of the Bowery Theatre, was, we understand, to have replied to this sentiment, but not being able to be present, designated *who* should address this company of American gentlemen: an unusual course, and one which we fancy men even of so potent and commanding a position as Daniel Webster or His Excellency Sir Henry Bulwer, would have hesitated to venture upon. Observe, so far there is not a word in behalf of the rights, privileges, or interests of Americans, in the whole subject. Not an American manager; not an American author; not an American actor is referred to or recognised. The only American manager who figures (Mr. Barnum) with the largest donation of the occasion (\$500) is hissed for venturing upon a characteristic pleasantry, accompanying his liberal largess. The health of Miss Cushman (who gave the fund \$100 last year) is mixed in, in a secondary connexion, with three foreign artists (each one, we acknowledge, worthy of handsome remembrance). The resident supply of this commodity exhausted, in bumpers to everybody and everything *not* American, and the committee, or some one else, travels to England in remembrance of the health of Mr. James Wallack of the London stage. (By the way, one of the worthiest and best of English managers ever resident in this country.) But no mention—not a word—of Mrs. Mowatt, Mr. Forrest, Miss Julia Dean, Mrs. Farren, Mr. Murdoch, Mr. Davenport, Mr. Buchanan, and scores more of eminent American performers in every sphere of the profession. American authors fare no better; and although a gentleman somewhat known in connexion with American letters is present (Mr. Wm. Cullen Bryant), no occasion is found to remember the scholars and authors of the country: who are, or should be, the corner-stone of the Dramatic Interest. Not an American dramatic writer is called upon to open his mouth: and when a gentleman (Mr. Young of the "Albion"), more considerate of the proprieties of the occasion, offers at last a sentiment complimentary to the "Rising Dramatists of America," it appears that there is no American dramatist ready to respond. Was there not one to be found in this great city to grace this annual festival, and to utter one word—to balance the preponderating confectionery, healths, and sentiments of the over-worked Anglican section? Mr. John Howard Payne, a veteran in the cause, could, we fancy, have been found

somewhere within hail. Where were Mr. Pray, Mr. Willis, Mr. Duganne, and others, who have labored long and hard for the drama in this community? Swamped, utterly submerged in this ill-managed deluge of clannish laudation.

Now we should be very sorry to assume, as we have before suggested, that all this introduction and exclusion was the result of a deliberate plan and an organized arrangement; that it was a part of a scheme which asserts, that no American can write a Play: that every obstacle is to be interposed between an American Dramatist and the Public: that a bad English is to be preferred to an American production, however meritorious: and that the course must be kept free for an anti-republican clique of monopolizing managers and playwrights. But we call the public to contemplate the spectacle we have presented: a public celebration, in the broad light, in the chief city of the United States, assuming to be "American," in which every vestige and trace of an American character is carefully excluded as something noxious and impertinent: in which everything is introduced calculated (if not intended) to be offensive to our national pride. That it should have secured the attendance and apparent co-operation of any considerable number of American gentlemen, is the most surprising circumstance: but these, we fancy, were drawn there under a misapprehension as to the character and purposes of the occasion. Some, we know, withdrew at an early hour: and very few, we fancy, now that they find its real nature disclosed, will be likely to be found there again.

For our own parts, sincerely desiring the success of the Fund, in its benevolent character, and the real prosperity of the well-intentioned artists of all countries, resident amongst us, we trust against another season these persons will reconsider their ill-judged course, and save us the necessity of a comment like this—much less measured we can promise them in the temper of its strictures—on the proceedings of another anniversary of the "American" Dramatic Fund Association.

ON THE LUDICROUS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL. BY PROF. ADLER.

I AVOID going into further detail, since problems and solutions may be multiplied *ad infinitum*; thus the case would need investigation, in which often the different species of the sublime, like lightning and thunder, strike in unison; as, for example, the cataract, which is both mathematically and dynamically sublime; as is also the tempestuous ocean. A second question for a lengthy investigation would be this,—How this applied infinity of nature is related to that of art, since in both the imagination refers to the reason, &c.? Just so the Kantian assertion that "every sublime emotion is attended with pain," is liable to many objections, particularly to this,—that, according to it, the most sublime object, which is God, would produce the greatest pain. And so we might object to the other Kantian assertion, that "by the side of the sublime everything else becomes small," that there are even degrees of the sublime, not indeed as far as it is an infinitude, but as an application of it; for a starlit night watching over a slumbering ocean does not lend such powerful wings to the soul as a lowering sky surcharged with its ocean of thunder-clouds; and God is more sublime than a mountain.

Examination of the Ludicrous.

When a programmist, wishing to analyse the Ludicrous, sends the sublime ahead, in

order to arrive at the ludicrous and its analysis, his theoretical process may very easily end in a practical one. To the element of infinite grandeur exciting our admiration, must necessarily be opposed a corresponding element of littleness producing the opposite effect. But in the realm of morals there is nothing small; for moral excellence, in its inward direction, produces esteem, both towards one's self and for others, and the lack of it contempt; and in its outward direction it excites love, and the lack of it hatred. The ludicrous is too insignificant to excite contempt, too good to excite hatred. The sphere of the understanding, therefore, is the only one left for it; and there even the absurd side only. But in order that the understanding may produce an emotion, it must receive a visible embodiment in some action or situation, and this is only possible when the action as a false means represents and gives the lie to the design of the understanding, or when the situation is the expression of the reverse of its intention.

We have not yet done. Though nothing sensuous* as such and alone can be ludicrous (i. e. no lifeless object, except it be by personification), and on the other hand again nothing spiritual as such and alone can become so (pure error or a pure want of intellect are not ludicrous); the question arises, what sensuous elements become the mirror of the spiritual, and what is the nature of this spiritual element?

An error as such is not ludicrous, no more than a piece of ignorance; otherwise the different religious parties, or the classes of society, would constantly find each other ridiculous.

Error must be able to become manifest in some effort or action. Thus the same form of idolatry, at the simple contemplation of which we remain sober, would become ludicrous, if we saw it practised. A healthy man, imagining himself sick, will only then appear comical to us, when he takes serious measures against his malady. The effort and the situation must both become equally visible, in order to raise their contradiction to a comical height. But still we have only the visible expression of a finite error, not yet an infinite incongruity. For no man can in a given case act otherwise than according to his own conception of it. If Sancho kept himself balanced a whole night over a shallow grave, because he imagined an abyss yawning beneath him, his laborious struggle under such a supposition is quite judicious, and he were only then really a fool, were he to venture the risk of being dashed to pieces. But why do we nevertheless laugh? Here lies the main point. We lend to his effort *our own* views and insight, and produce by such a contradiction the endless incongruity in question. Our imagination, which here, as in the sublime, is the mediator between the inward and outward, is induced to make this transfer, likewise, as in the case of the sublime, only through the sensuous embodiment of this error. Our self-deception, whereby we attribute a contrary signification to the effort of another, makes out of that error that minimum of understanding, that visible embodiment of all want of judgment, at which we laugh; from which it is evident that the comical, as well as the sublime, never resides in the object, but in ourselves.

Hence it is that one and the same in word or outward act can be turned into neither, or

* Not even then, when the otherwise laughable contrast between one exterior and another is applied to the inanimates. No possible contrast between itself or its fiery can make a spruced-up Paris doll ridiculous.

approved by us, according to our success in making the substitution alluded to. No one laughs at the crazy patient who regards himself as a merchant and his physician as the creditor; just as far are we from laughing at the physician who tries to cure him. When, however, in Foote's Knights of Industry, the very same thing takes place externally, with this difference only, that inwardly the patient is as rational as the physician, we still indulge in laughter, when the real merchant expects the payment for actual goods of a physician, whose claim the woman who had stolen them declares to be a hallucination. In this instance we attribute, by means of the comic illusion, our knowledge of deception to the actions of both these rational men.

But the question will necessarily arise,—Why do we not attach to every acknowledged error and folly that foil which sets it off as comic? The answer is, that it is only the omnipotence and rapidity of our sensuous intuition that forces and hurries us into this comedy of errors. When, for example, in Hogarth's Travelling Musician, the attempt to dry stockings on clouds excites our laughter, the sensuous rapidity of the contradiction between the means and the end forces upon us the momentary belief that the man was actually using real clouds for clothes-lines. The comedian himself, and we ourselves find, on reflection, nothing ridiculous in the idea of drying an article of dress on a solid sham-cloud. Still more strongly does the power of sensuous intuition appear in those barren and altogether aimless marriages of the most heterogeneous extremes; as, for instance, in the *propos interrompus*, or in reading line by line from one column of a newspaper into another, where for a moment, through the illusion and the supposition of design in forming this connexion, a ludicrous effect must ensue. Without that rapid supposition, which is as it were a syllogism of feeling, no combination of elements, even the most heterogeneous, would ever produce laughter; for where are there not things the most dissimilar coexisting at the same time, but without any comic effect? For example, under the night-sky, streaks of mist—night-caps—the starry galaxy—stable-lights—watchmen—villains, &c. What do I say? Does not at every moment in this universe of ours the lowest and humblest exist side by side with the highest, and when would our laughter cease, if a neighborly juxtaposition simply were needed? Hence it is that contrasts of comparison as such are not laughable, as when I say, in the eyes of God our globe is but a snowball; or, the wheel of time is the spinning-wheel for eternity.

Sometimes the reverse takes place, and the outward, visible fact becomes comical only through our knowledge of the thoughts and purpose of the other party. Suppose, for instance, a Dutchman standing close to a wall in a beautiful garden, and to be looking out through a window made in the wall into the landscape before him. Thus far the man, who, for the more convenient and comfortable enjoyment of nature, leans over the window-sill with his arms, affords us no occasion for introducing him into our æsthetic papers as comical. But the innocent Dutchman is at once transferred into the sphere of the comical, if you add to the story that he, seeing all his neighbors enjoying a fine open prospect from their cottages and garden-houses, and not being able to stand the expense of an entire mansion, did his best by constructing at least a short wall with a window in it; from which, by reposing his elbows on the sill, he might freely,

and without molestation, contemplate and enjoy the fair landscape before him. Still we find that, in order to pass *laughing* by his head projecting from the window, we must first of all attribute to him the motives of our mirth; which are, that he was attempting at the same time to obstruct and to open a prospect for himself.

Again, when the poet Ariosto listens submissively to his scolding father, the outward demeanor of both father and son are so long far from all comical effect, until we become acquainted with the inward occupation of the son, who, meanwhile, is elaborating the character of a blustering father for his new comedy, and for that purpose is attentively contemplating his own as champion-model, golden mirror, and poetical embodiment of the theatrical father, and studying his features as mimic outlines for the same. Now only the mirror which we lend to the scene sets off both of them in a comical light, though otherwise a scolding father or a sketch-taking Hogarth as such never becomes so.

Moreover, we laugh not so much at what Don Quixote does—for we cannot lend anything to hallucination—as we do at the rational things he says. Sancho Panza, on the other hand, understands making himself ludicrous in speech and deed equally well. Or, as *Jeune* signifies young, and *Jeune* fasting, and *Général*, both general and a general, the well known blunder of a translator, who renders *jeune général* by “young general” (which in war is often hardly a blunder), becomes comical only by our supposition of a conscious mistake. Lastly: why does a man possessed of some peculiarity, not laughable in itself, become nevertheless comical in a mimical imitation and adoption of the same (though it may not even be a travesty), simply by means of a sort of piratical copy-impression or reprint of his own face on another's? And why should two brothers resembling each other or twins, when seen at the same time side by side, excite rather a repulsive shudder than laughter? My answer has already been given.

Hence it comes, that no one appears ridiculous to himself in his actions, unless it be an hour after, when he is already become a second *me*, and stealthily transfers to the first the insight of the second.

A man can esteem and despise himself in the midst of an act, which is the object of either emotion, but he cannot laugh at himself any more than he can love and hate himself. If a man of genius attributes to himself the same good qualities, and an equal amount of them (which pre-supposes great pride), that a dunce claims as his, and when both of them manifest this pride by similar bodily signs, we laugh at the dunce only, though pride and times be perfectly equal, simply because we can lend something to the action of the latter. Hence complete stupidity or want of sense are hardly ludicrous, because they make this lending of our contrasting insight more difficult, or forbid it altogether. And this is the reason why the common definitions of the ludicrous are so erroneous, which admit only one simple and real contrast, instead of the second and apparent one. The ludicrous being, or its want, must therefore have at least the appearance of freedom. Hence we laugh only at the more sagacious animals, which allow us to lend them an anthropomorphic personification. Hence the ludicrous increases with the intelligence of the person laughed at. Hence the man, who elevates himself above the doings of life and their motives, constructs for himself the longest comedy, by attributing his higher

motives to the lower strivings of the multitude, thereby showing the incongruity and folly of the latter; and still, the veriest wretch can return the same compliment to him, by attributing his own lower motives to the higher aspirations of the other. Hence it comes, too, that a large multitude of programs, learned notices, and announcements, and the heaviest bales, of the German book-trade, which of themselves drag out a sorry and loathsome existence, suddenly flash up into works of art, as soon as we make the supposition (consequently by attributing higher motives to them) that some person or other wrote them in joke, as parodies!

But in the ludicrous of *situation*, as well as in the ludicrous of *action*, we must give the comic person or being, in addition to its real contradiction with the outward, still another supposititious and inward contradiction with itself; though it may be equally as difficult to trace the dry law in the exuberance of a living emotion, as it is to find in each given animal the rafter-work of animal creation, namely the fish-skeleton.

Let me be permitted, for brevity's sake, in my future investigation, to give to the three constituent parts of the ludicrous (as an infinite stupidity rendered accessible to sensuous perception) the following denomination: the contradiction, wherein the effort or state of the ludicrous being stands with its outward perceptible condition, I call the *objective* contrast, this condition itself the *sensuous*; and the contradiction of both, which we impute to it by lending it our own soul and opinion, as the second, I call the *subjective* contrast.

These three ingredients of the ludicrous must, in the transfiguration of Art by the difference of this shifting preponderance, give rise to the different kinds of the comical. Plastic or antique poesy gives preponderance to the *objective* contrast with the sensuous endeavor; the *subjective* contrast keeps itself concealed behind the mimical imitation. All imitation was originally satirical; hence, among all nations the drama began with comedy. A sportive imitation of that which inspired love or terror, belongs already to a more advanced state of things. So, too, could the comic, with its three ingredients, be most easily produced by mimical imitation. From the mimic they ascended to the poetic. But in their comic as well as in their serious productions the ancients were ever true to their plastic objectivity. Hence their laurel chaplet of comedy hangs only on their theatres; among the moderns, however, in other places. This difference will then become more apparent, when we come to investigate the nature of the Romantic Comic, and when we examine and distinguish Satire, Humor, Irony, Whim.

(To be continued.)

LIFE: A POEM. IN FOUR BOOKS.*

BOOK III.

THE AGES.

WHILE yet I knelt in that swift moving dream,
Wherein the ages ran their gleaming round
Through the mere point of all-contracted time
And space, the crystal drop and magic lens
Of reflex spiritual, lo, heavenly sight!
The Genius of the Coming Age stood forth
Seraphic at my side. Not more erect,

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by D. P. BARRYDT, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

Of face so fairly radiant with grace,
Nor clothed in such effulgent panoply
Of wings that mantled regally his breast,
Or spread as golden suns to brighten earth,
And plumes majestic that divinely shed
A heavenly fragrance round, that Raphael, sped
From God first messenger to earliest man
In virgin bowers admonished. Nor his tones,
With conscious weight of mighty import held,
More fraught with eloquence sublime—in sweet
Mellifluous flow or roll of deeper thought
Developed—than the voice that filled mine ear.

“Before Time was that is; the sought and
shunned,

The snatcher up of incomplete designs;
Ere Chaos ruled, I lived atomic in
The Essence forth from Him divergent—He
Almighty, sole Original. With swift
Uriel, on a beam of light sent forth
To warn the guarding Gabriel of wiles
On Eden prey intent, I beamed abroad
A co-eternal life. All ages me
Subserve. Mine is it to express from past
For coming time. Bold questioner of thine
Own soul and God! the Key of Love hath oped
To view Hope, Beauty, Fame, and Power. The
Past,

The buried and the breathing nations came,
Rose quickly on thy quest of Power's use,
Of Bard, of Faith and Man's determined course,
And I would press the knowledge on thy
heart.”

Then eager and enwrought through force of that
Already seen and heard, thus I to him:—
“O Messenger celestial! Power divine!
With reason strung, to utmost bias bent
Of reverent scholar for his master's lore,
And all attent of ear, awaiting I
Beseech communing free.”

Then he to me:—

“First came an age when faith was simply pure.
Political nor philosophical
Dominion held of mind; the gush of thought
Spontaneous in primitive belief
Was general consciousness of God. And man
Was only man; content to look above
Himself for attributes of deity,
To own responsibility to One
Divinity high over self. Then from
The side where flamed the Cherubim to guard
Arboreal way, they looked upon the plain
Whereon primeval Enoch rose in Nod:
Bearing the name of he through Lamach sire
Of Jabal, father of the tented herd
Attenders. Then his brother Jubal choired
First hallelujahs to the God of all
In dulcet symphony of harp and peal
Of sounding organ: kin of Tubal Cain,
First of the cunning hand in brass and iron.
Once, where the Iroquois with spreading flow
Receives fresh seas for laden ocean's brim,
The stern Mohican sacrificed to One
Great Spirit bloody trophies of his foe.
Created with a soul instinct to feel

A God, man worshipped him sublime in truth
Till human passions, combating, attained

A power corruptive. Then came ages when
Men learned from men, and passion deified,
And passion dealt the blow laid low their gods.
Seen through the mists of time, the Deity,
And heroes near at hand; the attributes
Of moral force; and powers of earth and air
In action felt, confusedly grew one.
From out this ample fund material
And incorporeal, confounded strange,
Was multiplied, as the occasion called,
The families of gods to suit all needs.
Men saw the gloom of night, the light of day,
And gave to each its proper soul distinct.
Then Erebus and Night from Chaos sprang,
And Nox and Erebus, great gods, produced
Fair Day and Ether, kindred gods of might.
Men slept and dreamed, and lo! two sons of
Nox,

Somnus and Morpheus, were deities.
The sun's rays warmed, and Mithras rose a god:
Upon the barren earth, impersonate
In Danae, his descent in golden showers
That fertilized begat fertility,
Personified in Perseus. He who
With golden sword the baleful Gorgon killed
That typified the pale unwarming moon
Whose power turned soil to sterile stone. And

Sol,
Called Helios, with his ray-encircled head,
Was born of Theia and Hyperion.
The fierce tornado strewed with wrecks the
shore,

And men beheld Ocypte the swift,
Aëlo, storm, Celeno the obscure,
Three furious Harpies raging swift of wing.
Love warmed the heart of man; and Beauty
called

Delight, and shed a glow of pleasure, calm
In full fruition of supremest joy,
Throughout his being. Then greatest Zeus begat
Of blooming Diônè the goddess fair
Of love and beauty, Aphrodite, crowned
By the Hours, while Cupids and the Graces
hung

Attendant on her dove-drawn chariot's way;
And round her waist a zone of mystic power,
A love-inspiring zone, imparted grace
And beauty. Then the chaste Diana bore
The splendors of the crescent moon upon
Her silver bow, and loved to sport amid
The deeper beauties of the forest wood:
Where young Endymion in beauty slept
That drew the goddess from her azure way
Stooping to print her only kiss of love.

"Of greatest deeds, beneficent or strong,
The men arose for death to deify.
Great Djemschid, he who led nomadic tribes
Of Iran old from chill Tartarean wilds,
Mount Albora and source of Oxus down
To sunny Var: who founded Istakhar,
The lost Persepolis entombing race
Of royal Achæmenides, from him
Derived, through hallowing Time to Perses
raised—

From Perseus sprung—as fabled demi-god,
Mithraic oped the Persian soil to use.
Brave Theseus who in Epidaurus slew
The cruel Periphatas, daily couched
In ambush for the traveller whose blood

Imbued the savage giant's hideous club.
And by Megara's side, upon the sea
O'erhanging path encountering Sciron, threw
Him o'er to meet a fate the savage dealt
On those who sought his roof. At Hermione
Upon the dread Damastes wrought the pain
Procrustean long put upon his guests.
Who offered up himself a victim with
The tribute yearly fed the Minotaur,
Half human and half bull in Cretan cave,
And with the guiding thread, enchanting gift
Of Ariadne's budding love, achieved
The labyrinth, o'ercame the monster dire,
And rid his country of a tribute paid
In sons and daughters fair and dear to all.
The hydra-strangling Hercules, and strong
Subduer of the Nemean lion through
Whose hide no arrow pierced. The hero who
The guarding dragon slew; and gathered then
The golden apples of Hesperides.
Who wrested from the grasp of Orcus grim
And then to Thessaly's sore grieving king
Restored the dead Alceste, spouse beloved,
And self-destroyed to save his royal life.
The unforgiving Danaus, who bade
His fifty daughters bathe their nuptial beds
Red with their unsuspecting bridegrooms' blood
That fearful night when only one escaped;
And reigned in Argos—ancient city, best
Beloved of Juno. Old Egyptus who
First won the Delta from the blacker race;
Both sons of the Phœnician Belus—not
The Assyrian of that name, great Bali, known
As Baäl, oriental god, and held
High Assabius Ethiop lord, one god
With Apis on the Nilan shore—but he
Of Epaphus descended, sire of that
Great Cadmus, founder of Titanic Thebes,
Who carried letters to the darksome land,
Conquered Illyria and was its king.
The Epaphus great Io's son, begot
By Jupiter, and founder of the race
That over Hellas reigned: as Isis known,
The Io sired by Inachus the old,
A flowing stream of Oceanus born.
Great heroes all! of strange heroic times;
Some real men once living, fabled more,
Resolving back their parentage within
The womb of elements and greater powers
Than they, the types of mythic meaning deep
And clear,—collected gods and demigods!

"In every grove a Dryad dwelt, and roamed
On every mount an Oread, with bow
And shaft, a huntress in Diana's train.
Beside each font a Naiad sat, and from
Her pitcher welled the brooks away to stray
Meandering through nymph-haunted mead and
dale.

In hill and forest, lake and stream, was seen
A life, and every life became a deity
Endued with forms imagination gave;
While genial blessings and tormenting ills
Deific worship won from love or fear.

In all this labyrinth of deity,
Objective worship, dwelt a quality
Of psychical in mythic depths innate;
And born of human nature's craving need
To bow itself before divinity.

The charm of an indwelling beauty hung
Around, pervading all this universe

Of myth; Art threw a decorative grace,
With pure æsthetic element replete,
Over ideal and material,
Transfusing a retentive element;
And thither Poesy on hovering wing
From every age hath flown to re-illumine
Its glow at the imperishable shrine."

Then I to him with gendered thought broke
forth:—

"In what a maze had pure simplicity
Of earlier time become involved! How may
We thread the labyrinthine maze save with
The clue of love? Not Ariadne's gift,
But His, the Only One, given in his Son.
Not held by Theseus alone, but grasped
Within the hearts of all the soul-possessed.
It is not strange that in the silent lapse
Of ages such as those, the busy mind
Co-working with the sensuous in man,
Too much made heaven with earthly passions
filled
And circumsfused: that soul should sink aghast,
And seek, by strong imagination led,
A home in hell, while earth grew red and rich,
As autumn leaves in gorgeous colors glow,
Prepared, sap-left, to drop, shrivelling to dust."

And he to me, benignant in reply:—
"Twas then the interposing Deity
Advanced in front of all the heroes, powers
Mankind had raised between themselves and him,
Full in their view, His own incarnate self!"

"Then Love was paramount!" joyous I cried.

When he with stern ironic tone resumed:—
"Ages there were when death loomed large in
sight
Of men, the front of God grew corrugate
With frowns, and love was curdled into fear.
And then the great world's heart, entranced with
fear,
Dreamed dread damnation; and o'er heaven
Red judgment hung a pall dripping with blood.
And all was done in God's name, He of love
The soul; and in his Son's—who loved—they
said.

How the arch-fiend and enemy of man
Enthroned supreme in Hell with loud ha! has!
Shouted derision o'er the glozing words.
The very air of heaven benighted earth
While giving back in thunder-peals the groans
That rolled beneath low leaden roofs among
Those Adriatic isles whereto the old
Veneti fled from the barbaric Hun;
And rose from dungeon depths beneath a land
Where the dead warrior with a monarch's pomp
Before his gallant army rode the day
When Cid Bivar held conduct of the way.

"Thereafter men from books drew sluggish lore,
Soul-worship deluged men with deity,
And creeds and crudities stirred up the soil
That roiled the stream of swift transparent thought;
And seeking to know much the world forgot
Itself; rocked baseless, like a sick
Banqueter heady with overdraught of wine.
And many knitted in the revel who
In every hero see a Christ; and with
A strong confusion on them tread upon

The borders of that 'wilder world of maze,
The labyrinth of old. Nor this is strange.
Each age the moral universe doth star
Its Sirius for periodic rule,
And when it rages men go mad unaid
Of circumstance, and forth like very dogs.

"Through all an ageless thread continuous ran
Of those who drew from Nature error and
From Nature truth—dreaming the while of God.
Originators of the thoughts impregn'd
Events are born of, greater they than quick
And pigmy actors mingling in the stir
Of movements fathers of ideas have sired."

Then I to him with ready transport thus :—
" Ideas that dive into the soul and stir
The molten crater's all-conglobing fires
Till through disrupted surface, habit glazed,
Shoot up the elements of change. Ideas
That rouse us quickly from a heavy sleep
Of surfeitage, and send the fuming blood
Hot on the bursting brain, to madden us
With dreams of doing for a grateful world.
The thoughts we put in silken purses, close
And draw to con again a hundred times
A day, as boys their firstling pieces of coin.
Ideas that glass our eyes with microscopes
To show us gilded worlds on grassy blades,
And a whole universe within ourselves.
The thoughts that heave our hearts to surface, as
New isles from ocean's deep, and build a place
For verdure where the waste of waters rolled.
Once, through the round of what we call a year,
My lot was cast beside the ocean's brim.
A grassy plain, a waving prairie sea,
Rolled landward from the shining shelly rim
That like a white and silken ribbon drew
A barrier with Beauty's strength between
The seeming sea and Might's reality.
There, 'twixt the sounding and the mimic seas,
And thence toward th' unbroken sedgy waste
Whose plain the azure horizon embraced,
Around the margins of some placid pools
That gemmed the prairie's livery of brown,
The snow and roseate flamingoes arched
Their graceful necks, sole sentries of my main.
Oft from the doorway of my lonely hut—
In memory for aye a cherished home,
For that the Ocean was my constant nurse
Whose lullaby was in my drowsy ear
Its latest guest, and in the daily dawn
Of waking sense first greetings sent, and all
Throughout the wider noon of tropic days
Her voice was my companion, tireless aye
Of question and reply—that doorway forth,
The humor prompting, I would cast a stone
And listen for its plash among the waves,
That multitudinous with ceaseless roar
Heaved their broad crests along the sandy shore.
That voice upheaved in solemn music from
The Soul of Things, and finding utterance
In Ocean's heaving of a bosom marks
The beating of this orb'd Earth's great heart
Of fire—that voice struck on my conscience with
The strong rebuke of some eternal Power,
The while I listened for the smothered sound
Of petty pebbles that my puny arm
Had mocked the sea withal. Even thus before
The all-embracing thought marks of the Great

Of old have I withdrawn presumptuous arm
Outstretched for record of a fainter force."

Then he to me, resuming thus, benign :—
" In all these courses of suggested aims
Continuous ran for man's discreetest use.
And yet another stronger thread of those
Who, knowing God, saw only Him at hand
Unveiled, lived immortality, and dead
For time, bequeathed it to eternity.
Long-bearded men with reverence written on
Their brows, that ceased to age with age,
And with uplifted voices held the sun
Of all-destroying Time suspense to shine
Midway in heaven, above their rim'd heads.
Chiefest of all ! those greater lights that moved
In patriarchal pomp from Ur along
The plain of Moreh, down to Jordan's tide ;
Along Euphrates and Orontes side ;
And thence across to Edom's border far.
The mighty one who smote the desert rock
And water flowed. Another, holy man
Of visions, shouting, ' Wonderful ! Behold
The Counsellor, Emmanuel ! ' And he
The favored, death's corruption spared, who rose
Within a chariot of fire with steeds
Of flame, upon a whirlwind borne, to heaven.
And many more, a host unparalleled.
Great lights who rose from out the bosom of
One faithful people, and for them, though bond
Or free, bare constant witness to the One,
The living God ! without a country, yet
Eternally a people ! scattered through
The nations as a sign, triumphant sign
Of early truest faith. Unbending scorn
Of its fulfilment bringing down a power
Of wrath, hurling them forth in sight of men
The branded witness to their unbelief.
Wrapped in eternal night, the past doth heaven
One greater Star whose scintillations light,
Fateful, the present to the coming time.
" Commingled all to form the present age,
Like to a thrifty husbandman that sows,
Sows plentiful, whether for reaping of
His own or gain of some to come, not he
Productless leaves to lie the strong fat soil.
Thus comes the Age we live in, born of all.
Less swollen with the fully garnered store
Of rich and ripe inheritance, than big
With the quick life conceived within itself.
A life now struggling to its wondrous birth
Midwifed by the electric flash—thought's own
Fit minister—and mystic agencies.
An Age that shall outage all ages past
And present. Powers mysterious and force
Of spirit and material shall serve
This Age. These harnessed to its car, shall bear
It on a flight beyond the vision scope
Of ages precedent ; and from peaks
Of mountain thought uphold th' invaded heavens,
Man speak to man across a chasm new-bridged :
Bridged by mysterious agencies ; by rights
All freely owned to ; by the powers of air,
Earth, water, fire ; the incandescent, strange,
And yet scarce dreamed of, woven in a field
Of eloth of gold for common ground whereon
All men may labor and embrace. Then shall
Be closed those low-arched cloisters, mossed with
age,

Where knowledge rusted in a hoarding vault ;
Then shrunk the sway of ancient cowed resource
Where those whom fate, or fortune, or the will
Inscrutable of Providence had whipt
Into a sore despair of worldly worth
Buried their wounds from the eventful world's
Mixt intercourse of rough renewal ; then
The higher paths betrod by Labor's new
Ennobled heel will close old avenues
Of egotistic penance brooding o'er
Its ills, as broader vistas stretch away,—
Highways of Labor's apotheosis.
The fields whereon a nobler heroism
Draws good from ill amid the daily clash
Of lot with lot,—aspiring thus, as toward
The highest goal of works, to merge within
The infinite humanity,—the great
Heart human that cements a brotherhood
Of universal tie, no more confined,
Self-holden in monastic walls.

" 'Twill be
Of Christianity, this brotherhood,
The clear exponent, when high souls shall shine
On every hand with brightening deeds to show
That, though the world injustice deals as meed
Of worth ; though unrewarding, cancelled not
The bond of duty due to man, to self,
And God. For them the thorns met here declare
The flowers shall wayside bloom in sunnier clime
Beyond. To suffer worthily their creed.
The soul achieves its own tempering art :
Endurance hath its virtue ; action hath
No more nor greater than this metal hath,
Of steel and gold so intimately wrought,—
Making the toughest ward, as in the famed
Unbreakable Damascene blade of yore.
When bowed beneath the chastisement God's
hand
Inflicts, crushed spirit shrinks from ministering
With soft and slipp'd care to pampered self.
Then quick and firm one strides toward and strikes
His hand into the ready hand of one
He meets, and shouts—" Ay, brother ! thou hast
felt !
Hast suffered ! therefore, canst thou read in all
And understand. Oh ! 'tis your only sage,
This one, whose teachings have the wholesome
Sting
Of Wisdom ! Fitted now for labor we—
Our faith the panacea for our griefs."
There is no dimness on their vision, they
Within the crystal shrine of Nature sit,
And on the organ universe they play
A melancholy tale of sinless woe
Made joyous—Music grateful in His ear.
Fit readers they of Nature and of Christ,
Who in the lily of the valley saw
A beauty tended by a care divine.
Refinement, sensibility, and grace
Shall all be theirs. The sure initial point
Of wisdom they have learned,—'tis to respect.
Somewhat is gained by intuition, even
As animals through instinct, more is theirs.
With thoughts and proof the web and woof ;
thoughts high
And pure ; acts strong and sure ; all things to
serve ;
All things deserve ; though nought receiving, still
Believing, gathering Love to their embrace ;

Feeding their souls on its ambrosial sweets
 They weave the wondrous web of mighty song,
 Where Truth shall palpitate a living soul,
 And Beauty deck the Love within.—No, not
 E'en so were moved the patriarchs of old,
 They whose recorded themes, in lofty strains
 O'er arching Sinai's mount, rolled onward in
 Sublime reverberations along the hills
 And vales of Judah.—Thus inspired, no more
 Thereafter can they live for earth alone
 Than soul can die: their steps have passed within
 The magic circle of the spirit world.
 Throughout the whole world's history they read—
 And it doth gnaw like hunger on their own
 Wrung vitals—want of Freedom christianized!
 So shall he learn to do his work; and such
 The field whereon the Bard his cohorts strong
 Shall marshal to the fight in that great cause
 When learning, freed from clutch of few, dwells all
 Abroad; with suffering and soothing leagued
 In ceaseless action through the widest field
 Of Labor's true domain."

With unsealed vision I
 Again, thus raptured.—"Hope, Faith, Beauty,
 Love!
 Great Powers eternal! Souls of Thought, aids,
 ends
 Of purpose! Now I see ye, greatest Souls!
 Sweeping Infinity with steady wing.
 Ye are, and ever were, will ever be;
 And not for nought, this soul doth know. O,
 Soul!
 Thy aim is clear! Soul! Soul! faint not!
 The broadening vista stretching on afar,
 Highway of Labor's apotheosis,
 Invites thy steps. Guard well thy walking; tread
 With firm and earnest foot that endless way!
 It leadeth through Eternity! Success
 Hath crowned thy effort, and the after life
 Beholds thee landed in a starry sphere
 Radiant with glory. Thy home the while,
 'Tis but a lower terrace of the Way
 Thou learnedest to foot on earth. Like labor there
 Of ceaseless effort, as it did on earth,
 Strengthening, purifying, calls thee on toward
 An upper terrace of celestial life.
 Far on, above, and in a godlier sphere
 It lies; yet reached, beneath His feet 'tis low
 As where thy footfall first attacked the Way
 When earth and things thereon afaint drew forth
 Thy Labor deeds. Call Hope, Faith, Beauty,
 Love,
 And strengthen well thyself with these; for there
 They will bestead thee, on the great Highway,
 With that sufficient aid thou needest on earth.
 As these shall aid and thou shalt labor here,
 Accorded there their aid; and low or high
 The terrace where thou'lt land upon the Way
 Whereon to work. Highway beginning with
 The birth of man, it stretcheth on to God.
 Such labor be thine own eternal life, O Soul!
 Hope, Faith, Love, Beauty, aye thy work and thy
 Reward. Thy self-improvement hath no end."

Accordant, then the bright-winged Messenger
 Celestial thus, the thread of thought assumed,—
 "Yea, action is eternal, and belongs
 Not less to after than to earthly life.

The soul rests never, and must aye progress
 Toward or retrograde from Deity.
 All life is labor, and all labor love.
 It rests with thee whether the taste of that
 Forbidden tree that thou inheritest
 Shall prove a knowledge helpful that exalts
 Thee to a god, or leaves thee sunk in black
 Abyss o'er which the darkest ignorance
 Would be a glowing sun above a night.
 So ordered that not given to vegetate
 Vapid in Eden idleness, unsought,
 Unwrought, unbought thy goodness, growing aye
 Unconscious as the flower that gladdeth sense
 With sweets received, unknowing whence acquired,
 'Tis given to thee to know, and with the gift
 Responsibility for Labor use."

LITERATURE.

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES.*

IN the preface to this work, the anxiously
 looked-for successor to the *Scarlet Letter*, Mr.
 Hawthorne establishes a separation between
 the demands of the novel and the romance, and
 under the privilege of the latter, sets up his
 claim to a certain degree of license in the
 treatment of the characters and incidents of his
 coming story. This license, those acquainted
 with the writer's previous works will readily
 understand to be in the direction of the spiritu-
 alities of the piece, in favor of a process semi-
 allegorical, by which an acute analysis may be
 wrought out and the truth of feeling be mi-
 nutely elaborated; an apology, in fact, for the
 preference of character to action, and of char-
 acter for that which is allied to the darker
 elements of life—the dread blossoming of evil
 in the soul, and its fearful retributions. The
 House of the Seven Gables, one for each
 deadly sin, may be no unmeet adumbration of
 the corrupted soul of man. It is a ghostly,
 mouldy abode, built in some eclipse of the sun,
 and rafted with curses dark; founded on a
 grave, and sending its turrets heavenward, as
 the lightning rod transcends its summit, to in-
 vite the wrath supernal. Every darker shadow
 of human life lingers in and about its melan-
 choly shelter. There all the passions allied to
 crime,—pride in its intensity, avarice with its
 steely gripe, and unrelenting conscience, are to
 be expiated in the house built on injustice.
 Wealth there withers, and the human heart
 grows cold; and thither are brought as acces-
 sories the chill glance of speculative philosophy,
 the descending hopes of the aged laborer,
 whose vision closes on the workhouse, the poor
 necessities of the humblest means of livelihood,
 the bodily and mental dilapidation of a wasted
 life.

A residence for woman, child, and man,
 A dwelling place,—and yet no habitation;
 A Home,—but under some prodigious ban
 Of excommunication.

O'er all these hung a shadow and a fear;
 A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
 And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
 The place is haunted!

Yet the sunshine casts its rays into the old
 building, as it must, were it only to show us
 the darkness.

In truth there is sunshine brought in among
 the inmates, and these wrinkled, cobwebbed
 spiritualities with gentle Phoebe,—but it is a
 playful, typical light of youth and goodness,—
 hardly crystallizing the vapory atmosphere of
 the romance into the palpable concretions of
 actual life.

* The House of the Seven Gables. A Romance. By
 Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

Yet, withal, these scenes and vivid descrip-
 tions are dramatic and truthful; dramatic in
 the picturesque and in situation rather than in
 continuous and well developed action; true to
 the sentiment and inner reality, if not to the
 outer fact. The two death scenes of the
 founder of the family and of his descendant,
 Judge Pyncheon, possess dramatic effect of a
 remarkable character; and various other group-
 ings, at the fountain and elsewhere, separate
 themselves in our recollection. The chief,
 perhaps, of the *dramatis personæ*, is the
 house itself. From its turrets to its kitch-
 en, in every nook and recess without and
 within, it is alive and vital, albeit of a dusty
 antiquity. We know it by sunlight and moon-
 light; by the elm which surmounts its roof, the
 mosses in its crevices, and its supernatural
 mist-swept blackness. Truly is it an actor in
 the scene. We move about tremblingly among
 its shadows,—the darkness of poverty and re-
 morse dogging ruthlessly at our heels.

Verily this Hawthorne retains in him streaks
 of a Puritan ancestry. Some grave beater of
 pulpit cushions must lie among his ancestry;
 for of all laymen he will preach to you the
 closest sermons, probe deepest into the unes-
 capable corruption, carry his lantern, like Bel-
 zoni among the mummies, into the most secret
 recesses of the heart; and he will do this with
 so vital a force in his propositions that they
 will transcend the individual example and find
 a precedent in every reader's heart. So true is
 it that when you once seize an actual thing
 you have in it a picture of universal life.

His Old Maid (Hepzibah) sacrificing pride to
 open her shop of small wares in one of the
 gables of the building, and her reluctant expe-
 riences of the first day, is not only a view of
 family pride in its shifts and reluctance, but
 covers all the doubts and irresolutions which
 beset a sensitive mind on the entrance upon
 any new sphere of duty in the great world.

These pictures are clear, distinct, full. The
 description is made out by repeated touches.
 There is no peculiar richness in the style: in
 some respects it is plain, but it flows on pellu-
 cid as a mountain rivulet, and you feel in its
 refreshing purity that it is fed by springs be-
 neath.

You must be in the proper mood and time
 and place to read Hawthorne, if you would
 understand him. We think any one would be
 wrong to make the attempt on a rail-car, or on
 board a steamboat. It is not a shilling novel
 that you are purchasing when you buy the
 House of the Seven Gables, but a book—a
 book with lights and shades, parts and diversities,
 upon which you may feed and pasture, not
 exhausting the whole field at an effort, but re-
 turning now and then to uncropped fairy
 rings and bits of herbage. You may read the
 book into the small hours beyond midnight,
 when no sound breaks the silence but the
 parting of an expiring ember, or the groan of
 restless mahogany, and you find that the candle
 burns a longer flame, and that the ghostly vi-
 sions of the author's page take shape about
 you. Conscience sits supreme in her seat,
 the fountains of pity and terror are opened;
 you look into the depths of the soul, provoked
 at so painful a sight—but you are strengthened
 as you gaze; for of that pain comes peace at
 last, and these shadows you must master by
 virtuous magic. Nathaniel Hawthorne may be
 the Cornelius Agrippa to invoke them, but you
 are the mirror in which they are reflected.

The story of the House of the Seven Gables
 is a tale of retribution, of expiation extending
 over a period of two hundred years, it taking
 all that while to lay the ghost of the earliest

victim, in the time of the Salem witchcraft; for, by the way, it is to Salem that this blackened old dwelling, mildewed with easterly scud, belongs. The yeoman who originally struck his spade into the spot, by the side of a crystal spring, was hanged for a wizard, under the afflictive dispensation of Cotton Mather. His land passed by force of law under cover of an old sweeping grant from the State, though not without hard words and thoughts and litigations, to the possession of the Ahab of the Vineyard, Colonel Pyncheon, the founder of the house, whose statuesque death scene was the first incident of the strongly ribbed tenement built on the ground thus suspiciously acquired. It was a prophecy of the old wizard on his execution at Gallows Hill, looking steadfastly at his rival, the Colonel, who was there, watching the scene on horseback, that "God would give him blood to drink." The sudden death of apoplexy was thereafter ministered to the great magnates of the Pyncheon family. After an introductory chapter detailing this early history of the house, we are introduced to its broken fortunes of the present day, in its decline. An Old Maid is its one tenant, left there with a life interest in the premises by the late owner, whose vast wealth passed into the hands of a cousin, who, immediately, touched by this talisman of property, was transformed from a youth of dissipation into a high, cold, and worldly state of respectability. His portrait is drawn in this volume with the repeated limnings and labor of a Titian, who, it is known, would expend several years upon a human head. We see him in every light, walk leisurely round the vast circle of that magical outline, his respectability just mentioned, till we close in upon the man, narrowing slowly to his centre of falsity and selfishness. For a thorough witch laugh over fallen hollow-heartedness and pretence, there is a terrible sardonic greeting in the roll-call of that man's uncompleted day's performances as he sits in the fatal chamber, death-cold, having drunk the blood of the ancient curse. But this is to anticipate. Other inmates gather round Old Maid Hepzibah. A remote gable is rented to a young artist, a daguerreotypist, and then comes upon the scene the brother of the Old Maid, Clifford Pyncheon, one day let out from life incarceration for—what circumstantial evidence had brought home to him—the murder of the late family head. Thirty years had obliterated most of this man's moral and intellectual nature, save in a certain blending of the two with his physical instinct for the sensuous and beautiful. A rare character that for our spiritual limner to work upon! The agent he has provided, nature's ministrant to this feebleness and disease, to aid in the rebuilding of the man, is a sprig of unconscious, spontaneous girlhood—"a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever"—who enters the thick shades of the dwelling of disaster as a sunbeam, to purify and nourish its stagnant life. Very beautiful is this conception, and subtly wrought the chapters in which the relation is developed. Then we have the sacrifice of pride and solitary misanthropy in the petty retail shop Hepzibah opens for the increasing needs of the rusty mansion. This portion, as we have intimated, reaches the heart of the matter; and the moral here is as healthy as the emotion is keenly penetrated. What the tale-writer here says of his picture of the dilapidated figure of the Old Maid, applies to the poor and humble necessities of her position—"If we look through all the heroic fortunes of mankind, we find an entanglement of something mean and trivial with whatever is

noblest in joy or sorrow. Life is made up of marble and mud. What is called poetic insight is the gift of discerning, in this sphere of strangely-mingled elements, the beauty and the majesty which are compelled to assume a garb so sordid." So, when gentility, and family decency, and the pride of life, seemed all to be sacrificed in the degradation and low vulgarities of the shop for boys and servant maids, a new ray of light breaks in upon the scene, quite unexpected and more noble than any form of magnificent selfishness. Note the crisis: "The new shop-keeper dropped the first solid result of her commercial enterprise into the till. It was done! The sordid stain of that copper coin could never be washed away from her palm. The little schoolboy, aided by the impish figure of the negro dancer, had wrought an irreparable ruin. The structure of ancient aristocracy had been demolished by him, even as if his childish gripe had torn down the seven-gabled mansion! Now let Hepzibah turn the old Pyncheon portraits with their faces to the wall, and take the map of her eastern territory to kindle the kitchen fire, and blow up the flame with the empty breath of her ancestral traditions! What had she to do with ancestry? Nothing; no more than with posterity! No lady, now, but simply Hepzibah Pyncheon, a forlorn old maid, and keeper of a cent-shop! Nevertheless, even while she paraded these ideas somewhat ostentatiously through her mind, it is altogether surprising what a calmness had come over her. The anxiety and misgivings which had tormented her, whether asleep or in melancholy day-dreams, ever since her project began to take an aspect of solidity, had now vanished quite away. She felt the novelty of her position, indeed, but no longer with disturbance or affright. Now and then, there came a thrill of almost youthful enjoyment. It was the invigorating breath of a fresh outward atmosphere, after the long torpor and monotonous seclusion of her life. So wholesome is effort! So miraculous the strength that we do not know of! The healthiest glow that Hepzibah had known for years had come now, in the dreaded crisis, when, for the first time, she had put forth her hand to help herself. The little circle of the schoolboy's copper coin—dim and lustreless though it was, with the small services which it had been doing, here and there about the world—had proved a talisman, fragrant with good, and deserving to be set in gold and worn next her heart. It was as potent, and perhaps endowed with the same kind of efficacy, as a galvanic ring!"

The scene passes on, while Hepzibah, her life bound up in the resuscitation of Clifford, supported by the salient life of the youthful womanhood of Phoebe, fulfils her destiny, the "dukkeripens," as that lay-divine, the eminent Lavengro, has it in mystic, gipsy dialect, in the cent-shop—where, for a little sprinkling of pleasantry to this sombre tale, comes a voracious boy to devour the gingerbread Jim Crows, elephants, and other seductive fry of the quaintly-arranged window. His stuffed hide is a relief to the empty-waistcoated ghosts moving within. There is a humble fellow too, one Uncle Venner, a good-natured servitor at small chores—a poor devil in the eye of the world—of whom Hawthorne, with kindly eye, makes something by digging down under his tattered habiliments to his better-preserved human heart. He comes to the shop, and is a kind of out-of-door appendant to the fortunes of the house.

The Nemesis of the House is pressing for a new victim. Judge Pyncheon's thoughts are

intent on an old hobby of the establishment, the procurement of a deed which was missing, and which was the evidence wanting to complete the title to a certain vast New Hampshire grant—a portentous and arch-deceiving ignis fatuus of the family. Clifford is supposed to know something of this matter; but, knowledge or not, the Judge is the one man in the world whom he will not meet. Every instinct of his nature rises within him, in self-protection of his weak, sensitive life, against the stern magnetic power of the coarse, granite judge. More than that lies underneath. Clifford had been unjustly convicted—by those suspicious death-marks of his suddenly deceased relative—and the Judge had suffered it, holding all the time the key which would have unlocked the mystery, besides some other shades of criminality. To escape an interview with this man, Clifford and Hepzibah leave the house in flight, while Judge Pyncheon sits in the apartment of his old ancestor, waiting for him. And how sits he there?—

"Judge Pyncheon, while his two relatives have fled away with such ill-considered haste, still sits in the old parlor, keeping house, as the familiar phrase is, in the absence of its ordinary occupants.

"The judge has not shifted his position for a long while now. He has not stirred hand or foot, nor withdrawn his eyes so much as a hair's breadth from their fixed gaze towards the corner of the room, since the footsteps of Hepzibah and Clifford creaked along the passage, and the outer door was closed cautiously behind their exit. He holds his watch in his left hand, but clutched in such a manner that you cannot see the dial-plate. How profound a fit of meditation! Or, supposing him asleep, how infantile a quietude of conscience, and what wholesome order in the gastric region, are betokened by slumber so entirely undisturbed with starts, cramp, twitches, muttered dream-talk, trumpet-blasts through the nasal organ, or any the slightest irregularity of breath! You must hold your own breath, to satisfy yourself whether he breathes at all. It is quite inaudible. You hear the ticking of his watch; his breath you do not hear. A most refreshing slumber, doubtless! And yet, the judge cannot be asleep. His eyes are open! A veteran politician, such as he, would never fall asleep with wide-open eyes, lest some enemy or mischief-maker, taking him thus at unawares, should peep through these windows into his consciousness, and make strange discoveries among the reminiscences, projects, hopes, apprehensions, weaknesses, and strong points, which he has heretofore shared with nobody. A cautious man is proverbially said to sleep with one eye open. That may be wisdom. But not with both; for this were heedlessness! No, no! Judge Pyncheon cannot be asleep.

"Still lingering in the old chair! If the judge has a little time to throw away, why does not he visit the insurance office, as is his frequent custom, and sit a while in one of their leathern-cushioned arm-chairs, listening to the gossip of the day, and dropping some deeply-designed chance-word, which will be certain to become the gossip of tomorrow! And have not the bank directors a meeting, at which it was the judge's purpose to be present, and his office to preside? Indeed they have; and the hour is noted on a card, which is, or ought to be, in Judge Pyncheon's right vest-pocket. Let him go thither, and lo! at ease upon his money-bags! He has lounged long enough in the old chair!

"This was to have been such a busy day! In the first place, the interview with Clifford. Half an hour, by the judge's reckoning, was to suffice for that; it would probably be less, but—taking into consideration that Hepzibah was first to be dealt with, and that these women are apt to make many words where a few would do much better—

it might be safest to allow half an hour. Half an hour? Why, judge, it is already two hours, by your own undeviatingly accurate chronometer! Glance your eye down at it, and see! Ah! he will not give himself the trouble either to bend his head, or elevate his hand, so as to bring the faithful time keeper within his range of vision! Time, all at once, appears to have become a matter of no moment with the judge!

"Pray, pray, Judge Pyncheon, look at your watch now! What—not a glance! It is within ten minutes of the dinner-hour! It surely cannot have slipped your memory that the dinner of to-day is to be the most important, in its consequences, of all the dinners you ever ate. Yes, precisely the most important; although, in the course of your somewhat eminent career, you have been placed high towards the head of the table, at splendid banquets, and have poured out your festive eloquence to ears yet echoing with Webster's mighty organ-tones. No public dinner this, however. It is merely a gathering of some dozen or so of friends from several districts of the state; men of distinguished character and influence, assembling, almost casually, at the house of a common friend, likewise distinguished, who will make them welcome to a little better than his ordinary fare. Nothing in the way of French cookery, but an excellent dinner, nevertheless! Real turtle, we understand, and salmon, tautog, canvas-backs, pig, English mutton, good roast-beef or dainties of that serious kind, fit for substantial country gentlemen, as these honorable persons mostly are. The delicacies of the season, in short, and flavored by a brand of old Madeira which has been the pride of many seasons. It is the Juno brand; a glorious wine, fragrant, and full of gentle might; a bottled-up happiness, put by for use; a golden liquid, worth more than liquid gold; so rare and admirable, that veteran wine-bibbers count it among their epochs to have tasted it! It drives away the heart-ache, and substitutes no head-ache! Could the judge but quaff a glass, it might enable him to shake off the unaccountable lethargy which—(for the ten intervening minutes, and five to boot, are already past)—has made him such a laggard at this momentous dinner. It would all but revive a dead man! Would you like to sip it now, Judge Pyncheon?"

"Alas, this dinner! Have you really forgotten its true object? Then let us whisper it, that you may start at once out of the oaken chair, which really seems to be enchanted, like the one in Comus, or that in which Moll Pitcher imprisoned your own grandfather. But ambition is a talisman more powerful than witchcraft. Start up, then, and, hurrying through the streets, burst in upon the company, that they may begin before the fish is spoiled! They wait for you; and it is little for your interest that they should wait. These gentlemen—need you be told it?—have assembled, not without purpose, from every quarter of the state. They are practised politicians, every man of them, and skilled to adjust those preliminary measures which steal from the people, without its knowledge, the power of choosing its own rulers. The popular voice, at the next gubernatorial election, though loud as thunder, will be really but an echo of what these gentlemen shall speak, under their breath, at your friend's festive board. They meet to decide upon their candidate. This little knot of subtle schemers will control the convention, and, through it, dictate to the party. And what worthier candidate,—more wise and learned, more noted for philanthropic liberality, truer to safe principles, tried oftener by public trusts, more spotless in private character, with a larger stake in the common welfare, and deeper grounded, by hereditary descent, in the faith and practice of the Puritans,—what man can be presented for the suffrage of the people, so eminently combining all these claims to the chief-rulership as Judge Pyncheon here before us?"

"Make haste, then! Do your part! The need for which you have toiled, and fought, and

climbed, and crept, is ready for your grasp! Be present at this dinner!—drink a glass or two of that noble wine!—make your pledge in as low a whisper as you will!—and you rise up from table virtually governor of the glorious old state! Governor Pyncheon, of Massachusetts!"

"And is there no potent and exhilarating cordial in a certainty like this? It has been the grand purpose of half your lifetime to obtain it. Now, when there needs little more than to signify your acceptance, why do you sit so lumpishly in your great-great-grandfather's oaken chair, as if preferring it to the gubernatorial one? We have all heard of King Log; but, in these jostling times, one of that royal kindred will hardly win the race for an elective chief-magistracy!"

"Well! it is absolutely too late for dinner! Turtle, salmon, tautog, woodcock, boiled turkey, South-Down mutton, pig, roast beef, have vanished, or exist only in fragments, with lukewarm potatoes, and gravies crusted over with cold fat. The judge, had he done nothing else, would have achieved wonders with his knife and fork. It was he, you know, of whom it used to be said, in reference to his ogre-like appetite, that his Creator made him a great animal, but that the dinner-hour made him a great beast. Persons of his large sensual endowments must claim indulgence, at their feeding-time. But, for once, the judge is entirely too late for dinner! Too late, we fear, even to join the party at their wine! The guests are warm and merry; they have given up the judge; and, concluding that the free-soilers have him, they will fix upon another candidate. Were our friend now to stalk in among them, with that wide-open stare, at once wild and stolid, his ungenial presence would be apt to change their cheer. Neither would it be seemly in Judge Pyncheon, generally so scrupulous in his attire, to show himself at a dinner-table with that crimson stain upon his shirt-bosom. By-the-by, how came it there? It is an ugly sight, at any rate; and the wisest way for the judge is to button his coat closely over his breast, and, taking his horse and chaise from the livery stable, to make all speed to his own house. There, after a glass of brandy and water, and a mutton-chop, a beef-steak, a boiled fowl, or some such hasty little dinner and supper all in one, he had better spend the evening by the fire-side. He must toast his slippers a long while, in order to get rid of the chilliness which the air of this vile old house has sent curdling through his veins."

"Up, therefore, Judge Pyncheon, up! You have lost a day. But to-morrow will be here anon. Will you rise, betimes, and make the most of it? To-morrow! To-morrow! To-morrow! We, that are alive, may rise betimes to-morrow. As for him that has died to-day, his morning will be the resurrection morn."

This, we conceive to be taking a pretty strong grip of Judge Pyncheon. It is a spiritual lashing of the old man, grievous as any material one Dickens ever inflicted in paying off an immitigable scoundrel at the close of a twenty months' cruise of sin and wickedness, in the last number of a long serial novel. The fortunes of the House, after this tremendous purgation, look more brightly for the future. The diverted patrimony of his ex-respectability—the Governor in posse of Massachusetts—returns to its true channel to irrigate the dry heart of the Old Maid, and furnish Clifford the luxuries of the Beautiful. The daguerreotypist, who turns out to be the descendant of the wizard,—the inventor of the curse—marries Phoebe, of course, and the parties have left the Old House, mouldering away in its by-street, for the summer realm of a country summer retreat.

Such is the material of Hawthorne's legend—with every "coigne of vantage" for his procreant, melancholy fancy to work in, hanging his airy cobwebs about, not without a glitter on them of dew and sunshine. In ten-

derness and delinquency of sentiment, no writer of the present day can go beyond this book. This is Hawthorne's province of the world. In it his life is original, fanciful, creative.

REPORT OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION OF MASSACHUSETTS. 1850.

MASSACHUSETTS seems to make good its claim to superior enlightenment in having taken in advance of all the States of the Union the first step towards sanitary reform. This first step was the appointment, by the legislature, of a commission to report a plan for a sanitary survey of the state, and to present a statement of such facts as might be thought proper to illustrate the subject. A bulky volume of 544 pages shows the result. To Lemuel Shattuck, Esq., Chairman of the Commission, is attributed the chief labor of this elaborate Report; and in his diligent and comprehensive collection of facts, and in his vivid presentation of them, earns for himself a rank by the side of Chadwick, who has so closely identified himself with the sanitary movement in England.

The report presents a complete view of the whole sanitary question; states its history and progress in Europe, and especially in Great Britain, where it is a subject of paramount interest; reviews the legislative enactments which bear upon health, and points out their defects; and showing the objects and necessity of sanitary reform, proposes a plan for its accomplishment. Everything is prepared for immediate action—there need be no time lost in further inquiry—for, in this comprehensive report, there is all the necessary information intelligibly presented. The Legislature of Massachusetts will doubtless give early effect to the plan of reform proposed, and it is hoped that the other states of the union may follow the example.

Sanitary reform recommends itself to us, with the promise to give us longer lives and greater enjoyment. It is quite clear that life is *unnecessarily* sad and short, that we suffer from disease when we might enjoy health, choose misery when we might have happiness, lose life when we might save it, and absolutely pay dearly for evil when we might have gratuitous good. The English authorities tell us that annually there are nearly a million of cases of *unnecessary* sickness in London, and the other large towns of Great Britain; that fifty thousand human beings die *unnecessarily*; and that this national misery and wholesale suicide cost the nation the round sum of a hundred millions of dollars! Good air, good food, and good habits are the remedies for, and the want of them the cause of these monstrous evils. By sanitary regulations, these remedies may be secured; good air, by the proper construction of dwellings, drainage, and sewerage, thus insuring due ventilation, and the removal of atmospheric impurities; good food, by the prevention of the sale and distribution of impure and unwholesome articles of diet, and by the free supply of pure water; and good habits are found to depend eminently upon good air and good food, for it is proved that the want of these latter tends to produce a population short-lived, improvident, reckless, intemperate, immoral, and with excessive desires for sensual gratification.

The same evils exist in this country, and in no less extensive degree, produced by the same cause, and removable by the same means. From the Massachusetts Report it appears that 31.59 per cent. of all the deaths in Boston, between the years 1840 and 1849, were caused by epidemic, endemic, and contagious diseases.

These diseases are generated by filth, foulness, and impurity—cannot be cured by drugs of any kind administered in any way—but may be prevented by just sanitary measures faithfully applied. It appears that these diseases, as causes of death, have doubled in Boston in the course of thirty years; that scarlet fever has in that time increased from forty hundredths of one per cent. to 6.45 per cent. Here is disease that can be prevented committing fatal havoc, and gathering increased force for its yearly sacrifice. A malignant evil exists, means are made manifest for its removal, and we can find no motive for withholding these means short of a suicidal mania.

Without attempting to analyse this elaborate report, we will gather from its pages some interesting facts. Consumption always vindicates for itself the claim of being the great destroyer. In 1840 to 1849, the deaths by consumption, in Boston, were 3795, an annual average proportion of 1 in 264 living persons. In New York, for the six years 1838–43, there was on the average annually 1 death by consumption to 194 inhabitants; in Philadelphia in ten years, 1836–45, 1 in 284; and in London in the four years, 1838–42, 1 in 205.

It is stated that the average value of life is not as great as it was twenty years ago; that it was at its maximum in 1810 to 1820; and that it has since decreased. It appears that the average age of all that died in Boston in 1810 to 1820 was 27.85 years, while in 1840 to 1845, it was 21.43 years only, showing a difference of 6.42 years. In New York, in 1810 to 1820, it was 26.15 years, and in 1840 to 1843 it was 19.69—a difference of 6.46 years. In Philadelphia, in 1810 to 1820, it was 26.25, and 1840 to 1844, it was 22.01—a difference of 4.24 years. Clergymen have lost seven years, and physicians nine years of life within the last forty years. The mortality in England has also been increasing since 1815.

Under the head of a recommendation to adopt measures for preventing or mitigating the sanitary evils arising from foreign immigration, we find some interesting facts. The increase of the population of Boston, within the last four years, has been about 23,000, and the whole of this increase is supposed to have been foreigners. Of 1133 intentions of marriage entered by the City Registrar in Boston, from July 12th to Dec. 31, 1849, the foreigners were 621, or 55 per cent.; and the Americans only 45 per cent. Of 5031 children born in Boston in 1849, 31.49 or 62 per cent. were the children of foreigners, and 38 per cent. only of Americans. Boston has paid on the average, for the last four years, about \$1,100,000 taxes; of this sum, \$350,000 per annum is for the benefit of the public schools, and half that sum, or \$175,000, for the education of children of foreign parents. There have been committed to the house of correction in Boston, during the last five years, 3737 persons, of whom 2348 or 63 per cent. were foreigners, and 37 per cent. Americans. For the nine years, 1837–1845, inclusive, the Boston Dispensary had under its care 21,908 cases; 15,522 were foreigners, and only 1876 Bostonians. At the Boston Almshouse on Deer Island, 4816 persons were admitted from the time it was opened in 1847 to Jan. 1, 1850, of whom 4661, or 97 per cent., were foreigners. In 1849, there died of Cholera 707 persons, of whom 572 were foreigners: 5079 persons died in Boston in 1849, of whom 2982 were foreigners. The Report says that "Massachusetts seems to have resolved itself into a vast public charitable institution."

The Report of the Sanitary Commission is

full of valuable and interesting matter, that ought to be widely known, for which we must refer the reader to its pages.

The plan proposed by the commission, for the action of the Legislature of Massachusetts, has for its object the full development of a sanitary reform, and gives in detail a mode of effecting it. The establishment of Boards of Health is recommended, with full powers of carrying out sanitary regulations in their widest efficacy. Facts that have a pertinent bearing upon the subject have been carefully collected from a great variety of sources, and propositions are laid down, illustrated by the fullest information, to assist the counsels of the legislature, and to guide the future laborer in the field of sanitary science. The reform proposed will prolong life and promote happiness; we know of no greater motives to human action.

JAMES'S COMMISSIONER.*

THE reading world has long known Mr. James as somewhat of a heavy coach upon a well travelled road of fiction. He carries his fare smoothly and pleasantly enough to the journey's end, by easy stages, without accident or excitement. He is noted for his constancy to his path, and for avoiding all new cuts or deviations. However often he may issue his volumes, however "fast" he may be in producing them, the same "slow" style is their acknowledged characteristic.

With the exception of the "Commissioner"—now upon its second trip—we can recall to our mind but two sentences in all of his vast accumulation of novels that exhibit the least attempt at humor.

We should as soon expect to witness the successful performance of the Highland Fling or Pas de Cerito by a tame elephant, or to see a mile of our avenue covered in three minutes by a team of unwieldy oxen, as to meet with a lively, sparkling book from the pen of the distinguished writer in question.

The "Commissioner" may be termed a perfect failure, for never before was failure so complete.

We have all seen mirrors which return every object so distorted that one, with the aid of eyes alone, would fail to recognise his own countenance. Such reflections do we meet in our book.

The comic characters are wofully serious, the serious ones fools in all but the cap and bells, and the intended farce lapses into a horrid tragedy, producing some such effect upon the mind as would the sudden demise of a clown upon the stage, whose conventional smirk changes of a sudden to the more permanent grin of death, and his hollow laugh to the fatal rattle.

The modest heroine performs a thousand mad pranks, enough to ruin the reputation of a dozen decent women; while a certain chambermaid who has lost her character, and a nymph of the *paré*, prove the very models of modest decorum. The comic Lord is a shockingly magnified and mangled version of Squire Western, and winds up his career in a very pleasing manner by falling into an apoplectic fit, and being burned to death while in that condition. The funny young Honorable, at his wedding-dinner, is brained by a madman and slaughtered like an ox. The dinner, by the way, is given by the proud old Peer to evince his great exultation at the union of his heir-apparent with a servant maid. There is a queer old parish clerk who is murdered in his

bed by a young wife, and a jolly old dog of a poacher. A fine young fellow—the only son and support of a poor widow—is killed off in the commencement, by way of giving a zest for what is to come.

The plot winds up with a murder, a death from fire, and one from the combined effects of remorse and drink, a disastrous conflagration, and two executions. We defy Reynolds or Dumas to do half as much of the same work in the same space.

Every character possesses the same singular contrarieties. Worrell, the nice young man, behaves like a fool. Joey Pike, the half-witted, conducts himself with the greatest shrewdness. Jerry Tripe, the sly old villain, is the most clumsy of rascals, and acts in a manner that would disgrace a young pick-pocket at his first job; and Tom Hamilton, the most *roué* of guardsmen, is an irreproachable protector of female modesty, and a combination of the Rueful Knight and the Preux Chevalier, in the cause of injured innocence, especially in the servant line.

If the book is intended as a satire—which both title and initial chapter would imply—the shafts are pointless, for human beings or human events, caricature them as you may, could never be so distorted as to bear the most distant resemblance to those depicted and recorded here.

Mr. James is not the first nor will he be the last author who has failed in attempting a new path, and the "Commissioner" has added quite as many laurels to his brow as did the "Siamese Twins" to Bulwer's chaplet.

NEW GERMAN PERIODICAL.

DEUTSCHES MUSEUM; *Zeitschrift für Literatur, Kunst und öffentliches Leben, herausgegeben von Robert Prutz und Wilhelm Wolfsohn*: German Museum; Journal devoted to Literature, Art, and Politics, edited by Robert Prutz and William Wolfsohn: is the title of a new semi-monthly published by Hinrichs, at Leipzig, and sold by Westermann & Co. of this city; which, if the auspices under which the first number appears prove a correct index of its future character, would really seem to meet a desideratum at present existing in this department of German literature. The events of 1848, which shook the political institutions of Europe to their very centre, could not but manifest also a revolutionary and disorganizing influence in the field of literature; and hence it came, that whilst the country was teeming with new political papers of every variety of opinion and position, the strictly belletristic and critical reviews, which addressed themselves to the cultivated portion of the public, either dragged out a miserable existence, or perished entirely amid the contending clamors of party strife. Those only of long standing, and of strictly scientific or professional character, successfully withstood the shock. The political and miscellaneous papers endeavored to remedy the defect, temporarily at least, by opening the columns of their "Feuilletons" to the contributions of men of acknowledged literary ability and reputation; and Gutzkow's long novel, "Der Ritter vom Geiste," is now appearing (to the astonishment of many of the Germanic Literati, who abhor the idea of borrowing even a literary custom from their French neighbors) in the shape of supplementary feuilleton-sheets of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* at Leipsic. However, the editors are of opinion that by the universal adoption of this custom, their countrymen would run the risk of sacrificing one of the most important and prolific branches of Ger-

* The Commissioner; or, De Lunatico Inquirendo. By G. P. R. James, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers.

man journalism, which "for more than a century has provided them with the most abundant and wholesome nutriment for their moral and intellectual culture, and in which the noblest names of their literary Olympus are inscribed."

The present journal is, therefore, announced as one that is to commence the reaction in favor of purely literary and aesthetic culture. Its aim will be "to furnish to the cultivated public a new centre for its literary and artistic interests, and to recall to the memory of the age, in the shape of scientific and belletristic journalism, those principles on which all political power and greatness are founded." More popular and adapted to a wider circle of hearers than other reviews in the rigorous sense of that term among the Germans, it is still to embrace all the departments of knowledge; the professional disciplines, indeed, only in so far as they are susceptible of interest for the general reader; but more especially and properly, History, the Natural Sciences, Archaeology, History of Literature, Art in all of its departments, Politics, Social Life, Select Correspondence from the principal cities of the continent, &c., as well as original poems, novels, and dramas. This prospectus would certainly, at first sight, appear grandiloquent; did not the fact that Schöll, Gutzkow, Boehk, Auerbach, Geibel, Karl von Raumer, &c., all of whom rank among the very first celebrities of Germany, refute such a charge by able articles in the first number. We notice among them, "Philology in General and its Relation to the Present Time," an address delivered at the opening of the Eleventh Assembly of German Philologists, Orientalists, &c. (held on the 30th September, 1850, at Berlin, by August Boehk, the illustrious chief, and perhaps the fittest representative of philological learning in his country, who to his vast erudition and critical skill has added the talent and eloquence of the orator, and whose academic discourses are regarded as models of eloquence in their kind. Another of the articles is "The Last Summer of Lenau," from the more popular pen of Bernhard Auerbach. We can conscientiously and most cordially recommend the "Deutsches Museum" as one of uncommon excellence and promise to such of our readers as are desirous of keeping a good German review.

TUCKERMAN'S CHARACTERISTICS.*

WE are happy to meet Mr. Tuckerman again, so soon, in his agreeable character of essayist and commentator on Literature and Art. Adopting an arrangement and division of subject, similar to that employed in his first series, he furnishes us with a succession of analyses and pictures, in which the style and genius of the Novelist, Naturalist, Critic, Reformer, Dramatist, and other of the cardinal and elementary representatives of intellect, are aptly embodied and examined. The diction of these essays is graceful—inclining perhaps to the Addisonian—with a nameless narrative charm, which glides the reader along with the easy-flowing movement of a summer stream. Mr. Tuckerman is generally very successful in seizing, not only the chief characteristics of his subject, as they appear in their respective works, but also in discovering and disclosing the secret and method of their genius. In most cases eminently fair-minded, our critic evidently prefers the elegant to the vigorous; vindicating himself, however, in the catholic spirit with which he acknowledges excellences

with which he cannot altogether sympathize. Considering the range of subjects, the treatment, and readable qualities of this volume, it may fairly command for Mr. Tuckerman a further hold upon the prominent position he has heretofore occupied among the most successful of our American essayists.

MR. WILLIS'S HURRY-GRAPHS.*

THE pages in the front of this volume are the most satisfactory; the "leather" to the "prunella" of the rest of the book. When Mr. Willis is alongside of a Yankee driver, on the box of an old American stage-coach, jolting along a tract of tolerably inspiring scenery, we may be sure he will give us a pleasant picture of the journey when he gets to the inn—throwing in the waiters, landlord, and a corner of the tablecloth. A new country gives that fillip to Mr. Willis's jaded Broadway experiences, which they are somewhat in need of; and it is a novelty to get his town felicities of style and illustration for a setting to the backwoods.

Mr. Willis is a "dead" hand at a preface. He can always strike out for a philosophical necessity for anything. Most persons, even editors, would have been gruelled for an apology for getting up a volume of hurry-graphs out of their last year's newspaper articles; but Mr. Willis's genius turns the occasion into a sublimity. "The author, long ago, made up his mind that the unreal world was overworked—that the PAST and FUTURE were overvalued—and that the IMMEDIATE and PRESENT, and what we saw occurring, and could truthfully describe, were as well worth the care and pains of authorship as what one could only imagine or take from hearsay!" In the name of the Prophet—HURRY-GRAPHS!

MR. BOHN'S PUBLICATIONS.

THE new volumes of Mr. Bohn's Libraries received by Messrs. Bangs Brother & Co., in Park Row, are a new volume of Goethe's works and Keightley's Fairy Mythology—each excellently edited, and essentially a new work. The volume of Goethe comprises the dramas of Faust (the first part), Iphigenia, Tasso, Egmont—translated by Anna Swanwick—in a popular and pleasing style—preserving as much of the fineness of the original as can readily be retained in a rapid and fluent manner for the general reader. The Faust is handled with considerable ease and tact, and is decidedly a clever version. Goetz von Berlichingen is added from the translation of Sir Walter Scott—with the restoration of several omitted passages, and the correction of errors by Mr. Bohn himself. The whole is a valuable volume of a capital series.

In Keightley's Mythology we hail a new and popular edition of a work, which has been excessively rare for several years past, always commanding a high price at book auctions and in old book stores. It is by far the fullest work on an important and interesting subject in the language, and has received the highest encomiums of Grimm and Von Hammer, the great authorities in folk lore and popular fiction of Germany, a country where popular antiquities have commanded far more attention than in any other. This new edition contains great additions of new matter, and is stated by its author in an interesting personal, and somewhat egotistical, preface, to be the last which he expects to prepare. It has a frontispiece in George Cruikshank's happiest manner,

ner, his grotesque fancy running riot amid crowds of Kobolds, Nixen, Fairies, Dragons, "Gorgons and chimeras dire," not omitting a procession of old witches, mounted on broomsticks, in full gallop to the moon.

Mr. Bohn also sends us a neat edition of "The Image of his Father; or, one boy is more trouble than a dozen girls, being a Tale of a 'young monkey,'" by the Brothers Mayhew, a story of the fast style, with numerous illustrations, generally in a high state of excitement, by Phiz.

London Labor and the London Poor, by Henry Mayhew. Harpers.—The fourth part of the reprint of Mr. Mayhew's important contribution to the study of social science. The details of London labor, in some of its most curious minor dependences, are made out with care and faithfulness. Personal narrative lends interest to the study. Though relating to London, it can hardly be called a local work, for it exhibits the forms put on by the needy and improvident in any large city—and New York is hastening into the midst of just such scenes.

Richard of York; or, the White Rose of England. An Historical Novel. By the Author of "The Last of the Plantagenets." New York: Stringer & Townsend.

Anne Grey. A Novel. By the Author of "Granby." Stringer & Townsend.

Leonard Normandale; or, the Three Brothers. New York: Long & Brother.

The author of "Richard," assuming Perkin Warbeck to be the true Duke of York, has, at the expense of history and literature, created a romance which appears to have obtained some popularity, as this is the second issue.

"Anne Grey," a rather pleasant tale of fashionable life—written, however, in a style somewhat crude and harsh—was well received upon its first appearance. Also a reissue.

"Leonard Normandale" professes to be written by a "Younger Son," with the intention of exposing the unhappy position of his class. However unfortunate may be the situation of these illustrious scions, we fear romance-writing will not alleviate it, if this book be a fair specimen of their powers. The most striking characteristic of "Leonard Normandale" is a palpable want of originality. Its principal peculiarity of style consists in the author's tying his sentences up in knots, by the aid of his frequent parentheses.

MESSRS. JOHN TALLIS & Co., 19 John Street, have issued Part IV. of the *Dramatic Magazine*, with portraits after daguerreotypes of Leigh Murray and Fanny Sterling; a full biographical narrative; the continuation of Mr. Bayle Bernard's *Early Days of the American Stage*; other miscellaneous papers; the *Chronicle of the Theatres*, &c. Also, Parts XXV., XXVI. of *Mrs. Ellis's Morning Call*, containing the serial story by the editor; Part XXIX. of *Martin's British Colonies*, occupied with the History of New Zealand Colonization.

Part XXXVII. of PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.'s *Illustrated Shakespeare*, includes the whole of Hamlet, with frontispiece of Ophelia by Hayter. Another number completes the dramatic works.

The number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for the 15th March is now ready at Baillière's, with Papers on the Protective System, by Michel Chevalier; Military Life in Africa; Brazil in 1850, by Emile Adet; a sketchy article on Lavengro, by E. D. Forgues; with a third instalment of Madame George Sand's *Chateau des Désertes*, &c.

CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ

OF BOOKS NOT REPRINTED HERE.

(Prepared from the Best Authorities.)

Dahomy and the Dahomans: being the Journals of Two Missions to the King of Dahomey, and Residence at his Capital in the Years 1849 and 1850. By Frederick E. Forbes, Commander R.N., Author of "Five Years in China," &c. Two vols. Longman & Co.—This is one of the very best

* Characteristics of Literature. By Henry Tuckerman. Second Series. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston.

* Hurry-graphs; or, Sketches of Scenery, Celebrities, and Society, taken from Life. By N. Parker Willis. Charles Scribner.

accounts of a strange and savage people, plain, condensed, and full of matter, that we can remember to have seen for many years. The "journals" of which it chiefly consists appear to be printed precisely as written; and in simplicity of manner and pregnancy of matter, to our minds they resemble nothing so much as those noble and unaffected records of early English travel which the HAKLUYT SOCIETY are at present so worthily engaged in preserving.

It is strange how little has been absolutely known till very lately of these extraordinary kingdoms in the inland of Africa. Yet who is there that from the associations of his boyhood has not turned with eager eyes in that direction, remembering Mango Park? The fate of that brave, intelligent, adventurous man associated itself long ago with the wonder and pity of every schoolboy reader in all time to come, as to the same great traveller belongs the lasting fame of having first, with European eyes, beheld the long sought for Niger, glittering in the morning's sun, "as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to the eastward." The premature graves of Clapperton, Lander, Duncan, and other gallant persevering men, have since been dug on the same dark inhospitable continent, and the object sought seems unattainable as ever. But in the book before us a little light half breaks and shows itself through the gloom. Among the best and most sensible of the "friends of Africa" (a class by no means burdened with an excess of reasonableness) have been those who believed that the black man was to be effectively approached only through his own race, and by studied reference to the current of his own opinions and customs in place of ours. This opinion seems borne out by the fact, that, of all European travellers in Africa, Bruce most attracted to himself, by his marvellous genius of self-accommodation to every variety of character that came in his way, a strongly developed sentiment of mingled confidence, fear, and respect. And now the author of this book, Commander Forbes, has had the good fortune to originate a discovery that will probably in future wholly remove the worst existing obstruction to direct intercourse, not simply between the African and European, but between the various races of Africans themselves. We mean the discovery of the Vahie language and vocabulary—a very curious phonetic language, the first written character existing in Africa, the invention as it would seem of certain natives, and perfectly available for the ultimate purpose of comprehending and making accessible all the various African dialects.

Commander Forbes is sanguine of the effect of this discovery "to the advance of civilization and the destruction of that infamous traffic the slave trade," but we must commend the reader to his book for arguments advanced in support of this view, and for very interesting notices of the discovery itself. We have less confidence in the results he is led to hope for, as we more distrust the means at present applied. But on this, as on every subject, Commander Forbes writes in a moderate and intelligent spirit; and there is one part of his reasoning in which we can freely concur. "When the slave trade is checked, other trade should be substituted, or it will soon revive. To insure success, education should be first planted, and then trade introduced: thus, becoming enlightened, the African would shudder at the horrors he has hitherto encouraged."

A more complete or startling revelation of savage life, with its strange dim affinities to not a few of the customs of civilization, has never been made.

We knew generally, of course, the character of this brutal Dahoman monarchy, the greatest of Western Africa, of which the king, ruling over some 200,000 people of his own, may be called king also of the slave trade and its merchants. Not many years ago, Mr. Duncan gave a clever though imperfect description of it. We knew that it was a military despotism, of which the bloody subjection rested on precisely the same ground as that of the peaceful civilization of the Incas—unreasoning idolatry of the king, here

taking the form of servile idiotic veneration. We knew that the great ministers of state were perpetually rolling their faces in dust and covering their hands with dirt, after a fashion of prostration perhaps even yet not altogether exploded among more civilized nations. We knew of the filthy fetish, and worship of the snake; that the king counts his wives by thousands; that troops of regular Amazons form no small part of the military force of the kingdom; and that the prime minister is chief executioner, and so forth. But of the organization and resources of this extraordinary race Commander Forbes gives us the first regular and connected account; and it is certainly marvellous.

Alternating war and festival occupy the whole of the lives of these miserable beings. One half of the year is devoted to slave hunts and war, of which, if the king abated a jot, he would speedily be dethroned. The other half is occupied with what are called Customs—a constant course and succession of excitement, dancing, singing, haranguing, firing, and cutting off heads. Everybody's property is the king's. All the women are the king's. The king's concurrence is required to make rank hereditary. Everything is taxed, and the tax goes to the king. No office under Government appears to be regularly paid except that of the troubadours (who have regular assemblages for singing and recitation, as with their namesakes in Europe!) whose office is hereditary, but with the remarkable condition attached that the right of primogeniture must be laid aside if the first-born cannot get by heart all the legends and tales, tragedies and histories, known by his parent. All other officers of state subsist by the mere largesse of the king distributed at Customs—wherein the grossest deceptions are practised. Nothing can be so horrible as the apparent subjection in which the greatest officers are held by the king of Dahomey. Yet when the case is examined, it is perceived that if no subject's head is safe for twenty-four hours, neither in truth would the king's be if he relaxed any one of the grimmest usages of his kingdom. There is an iron tyranny which governs all, and over which none appear to have control.—(*London Examiner*.)

The Pictorial Shakespeare. Edited by Charles Knight. Vol. I. Comedies. National Edition.—The Pictorial Edition of Shakespeare being out of print, and a demand for it continuing, Mr. Knight has commenced a new and more popular edition based thereon. The first volume of the new issue is before us. It appears to be not less handsome, while it is very considerably cheaper, than its predecessor. The letter-press is not divided into columns, as formerly; the printing is good; the type large and bold; and the text enriched by the same copious illustrations which won a peculiar reputation for the "Pictorial Shakespeare." The more important of the critical and historical notes have been gathered into a separate volume: so that the poet's text is free from every encumbrance except the few brief explanatory foot-notes desired by every reader of an old author. Altogether, this promises to be the best popular edition of Shakespeare that we yet possess. It will leave little more to be done in its own way.—(*London Athenæum*.)

We notice the appearance of a new French Review, published weekly, under the somewhat comprehensive title of *La Politique Nouvelle*. In this country such a circumstance would be worthy of notice only in the case of the new publication recommending itself,—but in Paris the attempt is one of which most of our readers will scarcely appreciate the boldness. Up to the present day, the *Revue des deux Mondes* has been the only undertaking of the kind which has proved successful; the rivals which have sprung up from time to time having all failed in turn, in spite of the persevering efforts of their founders and the co-operation of able pens. Indeed, in the sense which we attach to the word review our neighbors may be said to possess none:—the *Revue des deux Mondes* and its competitors being properly speaking magazines, in which literary criticism holds a compara-

tively small place. Tales, essays, short dramatic pieces, and more especially politics, make up the chief matter,—while the critic is generally confined to his *feuilleton* in the lower story of a daily paper. The newly imposed obligation, however, of signing every article of the periodical press, even to the most trifling paragraph, bids fair to rob criticism in France—at least as far as contemporaries are concerned—of all freedom and independence, and to make the already disproportionate domain of politics still more extensive. *La Politique Nouvelle*, as the name indicates, comes before the public as the champion of the new Republican régime as opposed to the conservative tendencies of the older established Review, and offers battle with a promising array of names of future contributors. As more especially interesting to some of our readers, we may mention that the department of English reviews is confided to M. Léon de Wailly, the author of "Stella and Vanessa" and the translator of Burns; whose name promises a knowledge and intelligent appreciation of English literature which our authors do not often find united in their French reviewers. The first two numbers before us contain contributions from the brilliant and caustic pen of Eugène Pelletan, and a serial from a favorite of the English public, Madame Charles Reybaud. Whatever may be the result to the competitors, the French public and authors must both be gainers by competition of some kind in the field of literary journalism.—(*London Athenæum*.)

THE BOOKSELLERS IN PARK ROW.

THE Reformation in Park Row is of a sufficiently thorough character to satisfy even the Reformed Gambler himself. Not only have the gamblers disappeared, but their place has been filled by a class of men whose calling is as elevated in the social scale as that of their predecessors was degraded.

Our ground of congratulation, on the occupancy of Park Row by book and paper dealers, is not entirely that of the contrast of the present with the past. That extends to but part of the site; for the rest, the present occupancy is a continuation of traditions and associations, to a certain extent, rather than a severance. We rejoice that this latter portion, so long devoted to a noble department of literature, with all its failings, is still to be used for agencies of intellectual culture.

We have spent too many pleasant evenings in the old Park Pit not to love its memory, not to still look with affection on its site. Deficient as it was in the high requirements of a temple of the Drama, it was still so immeasurably superior to aught that we have had since, that almost all the dramatic associations our city can boast, still seem to hover around its site. It has a hold on our recollections which few other localities of our changeable city possess, and ours is but a "young remembrance." With those whose riper years enable them to look back to George Frederick Cooke, the Elder Kean, and Malibran, the feeling must be still stronger.

Well, old Time has been playing scene-shifter, and having been of yore so pleased with the transmutations of the mimic world, we must not find fault with those of the actual. The black gap on which our eyes rested for a brace of years was a gloomy interlude between the past and the present—as dull as a "carpenter's scene" of the old boards—and knowing that we could not have the Theatre again, we were glad to welcome the rise of the freestone stores.

We might still run our parallel between the mimic and the real scene; for the rapidity with which these buildings were constructed, might well remind us of the rapid changes of the prompter's whistle. This is especially the case in the building below the theatre site,

where Messrs. Bangs received books for their Trade Sales before they had literally a roof over their heads.

No trace, however, of hasty construction is to be found in the stores themselves. They look as solid as if the time between the planting of the corner-stone and the placing of the roof-tree had been measured by years instead of weeks. We might almost fancy that a higher magic had turned the stage's magic to reality, and that the canvas old world architecture had marvellously become reality, pictured "stones of Venice," actual stones of New York.

The new buildings of Park Row are among the finest in the city, and they possess an advantage over any others which might dispute the palm with them, in the fact that they can be seen from the open space in front, at a sufficient distance to judge of their effect at a single glance.

Four of these stores are, as we have stated, occupied by persons interested in book production. For the first stage we have Messrs. Wheeler & Morrell ready to supply the author with foolscap or the printer with double medium, Messrs. Mason & Law and Huntington & Savage to publish for him, and the inexorable hammer of Messrs. Bangs, Bro. & Co. to convert, by instant commutation, the perfected commodity to cash.

The Row, overlooked by St. Paul, will soon rival that famous one which lies so snugly in the shadow of the same saint in old London. It would give our magnates of Wall street a respect for literature to walk through one of the large establishments we have mentioned, and behold the vast stacks of school books, the cubic feet of geographies and histories, the deep shelves on either side packed close with the products of the various presses of our publishing cities, and reflect on the amount of capital here employed, remembering, too, that this is the supply of but a few weeks.

The establishment of Messrs. Mason & Law is 116 feet in depth by 25½ wide, a basement and under-cellar of the same dimensions; the lower floors being well lighted from front and rear, and also by a large well in the centre, lit by a skylight from the roof. The general arrangement is similar to that of Messrs. Appleton in Broadway.

The chief publications of this house are school and music books, necessarily one of the most extensive departments of the trade. It is satisfactory that this is a copyright business, and that its array of wealth and means represents the firmly developed home growth and culture of the country.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ORIGINALS OF CARLYLE'S CROMWELL CORRESPONDENCE.

Eds. Lit. World:

HAVING received an interesting communication relative to several original letters of Oliver Cromwell, found in the Fitzwilliam Museum, and deeming your Journal the most suitable medium for offering the same to the public, I hasten to lay the matter before your readers. At this day, when a spirit of antiquarian and historical research is so generally diffused, the account will, I trust, be thought not unworthy a place in your columns. Moreover a re-discussion of many questions relative to Cromwell and that eventful period in English history, seems to have devolved upon our age, and it is desirable that American scholars should be prepared to bear a part in the same.

The Rev. Dr. Elton, late of Brown University,

R. I., has been now several years in England, devoting himself with his accustomed zeal and diligence to literary pursuits, and prosecuting with the facilities there offered, investigations of the highest interest to the Christian and scholar; and it is to be hoped that he may ere long be induced to give to the public, in a permanent form, something not unworthy his well known accurate scholarship and elegant pen. Indeed, his letters to the *Watchman and Reformer* would of themselves form an interesting volume, which, doubtless, would be as gratefully received by the public generally as by the favored readers of that Journal.

But I will not detain your readers longer from the perusal of the letter.

I am, Gentlemen,
Yours truly, &c.,
S. E. BROWNELL.

New York, April 14, 1851.

P.S.—Since writing the above, we are informed that Dr. Elton has published a volume of "COLLEGIATE ADDRESSES" of the late President Maxcy, with Biographical Introduction; and we hope to call attention to the same as soon as copies reach this country.—B.

Exeter, England, Feb. 20, 1851.

DEAR SIR:—On a late visit to the University of Cambridge, I found among the manuscripts of the Fitzwilliam museum, three original letters of Oliver Cromwell. I have compared them with other letters in the handwriting of Cromwell, and there can be no doubt of their being genuine.

These letters were first published in the Gentleman's Magazine, London, and are found in vol. lxxxiv., pages 418 and 419, of that periodical, and they were inserted without any notice whence they were obtained. Carlyle has copied them from that magazine, and they will be found on pages 75, 119, and 142, in his Supplement to Cromwell's Letters. It is evident that Mr. Carlyle had never seen the originals, although, in a note, he expresses his conviction that the first, on p. 75, is genuine.

It appears from an explanatory note connected with the manuscript letters, that they were found among the Court Rolls of Wymondham Cromwell, County of Norfolk, and were given by the steward of that Manor to the Rev. John Neville White. Mr. White presented them to his friend, the Rev. Samuel Tillbrook, of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, in conformity to a wish expressed on his part, that through him these interesting remains of the Protector might be deposited in the Fitzwilliam museum.

The manor of Cromwell is situated in the parish of Wymondham, and was formerly in possession of a branch of the Cromwell family, from whom, in the early part of the 17th century, it passed, by purchase, to John Lord Hobart, in whose family it now continues.

The letters were written during the 50th and 51st years of Cromwell's age. They were all addressed to Lord Wharton, of whom notices may be found in the State Papers of Whitlock & Thurlow, in Noble's Memoirs, and in Lord Clarendon, vol. i., p. 413.

The first is dated at Cork, Jan. 1, 1649-50, after Wharton had withdrawn from the Council of State. The second is dated at Dunbar, 4th of September, 1650, on the day after the battle of Dunbar, whence it was forwarded to England. Four letters, at least, were written by Cromwell from Dunbar on the same day: one to Hon. W. Lenthall, another to Lieutenant-General Ireton, another to his relation, Richard Major, Esq., of Horsley, Hants, and the fourth to Lord Wharton.

The third letter is dated, Stratford-on-Avon, 27th of August, 1651. It was written during Cromwell's pursuit of Charles II., and just a week previous to the memorable battle of Worcester, which was fought on the anniversary of that of Dunbar. In consequence of the two decisive victories gained on the 3d of September, 1650 and 1651, Cromwell always regarded that day of the year as auspicious. He afterwards summoned a new parliament on the 3d of September, 1654; and in 1658, on the 3d of September—that very day he had always considered so fortunate for him—he expired.

It may be of importance to the future historian and biographer of Cromwell, as well as to the publisher of his Letters in the United States, to know where the originals may be seen. If you and your literary friends should be of the same opinion, you are at liberty to make these facts known in any periodical best adapted for this purpose.

I am, Dear Sir,
Yours truly,
R. ELTON.

MACAULAY AND KIRKE WHITE.

GENTLEMEN:—I have met the annexed quotation from Macaulay so often of late, that it forcibly strikes me it is determined to haunt me (for it is only a ghost), and that if I cannot "lay" it, the annoyance be upon my own head. The ghost alluded to is the sentence, thus—

"When some traveller from New Zealand shall take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge, and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's," &c., &c.

I believe these are the words (I have not the "Book" by me, but quote from a daily paper, whose proof-reader is not celebrated for being reliable). Now, if you or your readers will turn to your respective Kirke White's Remains, poetical division, and make note thereon, you will perceive that in the poem entitled "Time," he, after reviewing the decay of

"———cities numberless:
Tyro, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon, and Troy,
And rich Phenicia,"

holds conjectural converse on Britain, when

"Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride,
And with one big recoil hath thrown her back
To primitive barbarity;"

and where

"Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her Capitols."

Thus far, and Macaulay sinks into the shadow of Kirke White. But the most conclusive evidence of the "Great Historian's" plagiarism is yet to come. I give the quotation in full:—

"Meanwhile the Arts, in second infancy,
Rise in some distant clime, and then, perchance,
Some bold adventurer, filled with golden dreams,
Steering his bark through trackless solitudes,
Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring prow
Hath ever ploughed before,—espies the cliffs
Of fallen Albion. To the land unknown
He journeys joyful; and perhaps descries
Some vestige of her ancient stateliness.
Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his mind
Of the unheard-of race which had arrived
At science in that solitary nook.
Far from the civilized world; and sagely sighs,
And moralizes on the state of man."

I think that "lays" the ghost very satisfactorily, friend Literary World; and as I have not seen the plagiarism noted before, and you, no doubt, would like to give "unto Caesar what belongs to Caesar;" and as your readers would no doubt relish (it's the way of the world) to see how a man builds a reputation on the brains of another, these remarks might not be out of place in type.

Yours, &c.,
D. F.

A DISCOVERY.—IRISH RHYTHM.

EUREKAMES!—We have found out what is the matter with the *American Whig Review*, or rather, one of the things that is the matter with it. It has a melancholy attack of Young Ireland. The sad proof is afforded by the current number, which has a piece of verse (apparently of the satirical or humorous order) containing these four lines—

"You have heard of magic Turkey,
When it gives imperial sway,
Of perfumed mosques, and putting there
Young maids in *Harem's* way."

For the sense of the above we are not answerable; but the italicized word struck us. When a man puts a word into italics, he usually means something extra by it, so we studied it out, and in due time arrived at the joke. Know, then, O reader! that *harem*, in the last line, is to be pronounced *harrum*, which is the Irish for *harm*. Ladies and gentlemen, observe the pun! What chiefly aided us to this discovery, was the recollection of a stanza in that more Protestant than elegant composition, the *Battle of the Boyne*, which runs thus—

"A bullet from the in'my came
And grazed King William's *arrum*;
They thought His Majesty was slain,
But it did him little *harrum*."

If the *American Review* goes on at this rate, it will hardly do much to improve the President's American.

FINE ARTS.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—SOME ACCOUNT OF ITS HISTORY AND OBJECTS.

The National Academy of Design was instituted in the year 1826, for the advancement of the interests of Art in the United States: two years later it was incorporated by the Legislature of the State of New York. At this period the American Academy of the Fine Arts was our only Art association; and from the circumstance of its being governed by gentlemen not members of the profession, united with other objections, it failed to meet fully the wants of the artists. Many of them looked elsewhere for the assistance the Academy should have given them: they deserted its schools and established others under their own guidance. So successful were they in these efforts, that they resolved to establish a new Academy, which should be under the exclusive control of the artists themselves, who alone, they thought, were competent to manage such matters. They founded the "National Academy of Design," which struggled long but bravely against an accumulation of opposing circumstances, and at length, supplanting the old society, started fairly on its course with elements of success and perpetuity which that never possessed. This was the origin of the National Academy. Its progress has been sure and rapid from that day to the present. The first annual exhibition presented but a shabby array of pictures, and yielded an income of only a few hundred dollars; while in the present twenty-sixth exhibition, between four and five hundred new works of art are to be found, and an income of several thousand dollars will doubtless accrue therefrom. The first exhibition was held in hired rooms at the S. W. corner of Broadway and Reade Street, and the next two or more in other apartments in Chambers Street. Accommodations were then leased for ten years in Clinton Hall, and afterwards, for the same length of time, in the buildings of the Society Library. Last year (1850) the Academy moved into a suite of rooms erected for its

especial use, in Broadway, opposite Bond Street. These elegant apartments are six in number, and for beauty and convenience of locality, access, and all the uses for which they are designed, will compare favorably with the galleries of Art in the Old World. At the time of the foundation of the Academy, its members were few in number, while now its catalogue includes the names of all the best artists in the city. The Academy, in the accomplishment of its purposes, has prepared each year an entirely new exhibition of the principal works of American painters; from the study of which, in juxtaposition and contrast, both artists and students have gained much invaluable knowledge. It has established free schools for the study of antique sculpture and of the living model, the first of which contains an admirable and sufficient collection of statues, busts, and other plasters; and the other, the best life subjects which can be procured. It has amassed a moderate but well chosen library of Art, for the use of the profession; and it contemplates the further establishment, as circumstances shall require and as its means permit, of annual courses of free lectures upon themes relating to the Fine Arts, and of additional schools, professorships, and other means of study. It has created a local habitation—a home for the artist; it has fostered an *esprit de corps*—a spirit of emulation and generous rivalry among them, the advantages of which are every year more plainly evinced in their works. It is an institution of honor; and by the wise distribution of its rewards spurs on emulation and effort. Besides all these direct advantages which the Academy gives to the profession, are more indirect but perhaps still greater benefits, which follow a proper cultivation and conservation of the popular taste; an influence which, in a ratio with its extent, causes the artist's labors to be appreciated and rewarded. In these results, not the artist only, but the whole community finds its account, the one paying and repaying a thousand-fold what it receives from the other.

The members of the Academy consist of the three bodies of Academicians, Associates, and Honorary Members. At the present time there are of the first of these classes, thirty-three, and of the second, about sixty members. Associates are elected from the body of resident professional artists, and Academicians from the body of Associates. Honorary Members are chosen from either artists or lovers of the Arts. Members are elected by ballot at the annual meetings of the society, a vote of two thirds of the Academicians present being necessary for a choice.

At the annual meetings, the officers also are chosen, who, with two other Academicians, form a Council, to whose guidance the entire control of the affairs of the institution is committed for the year ensuing. On the same occasions a committee is elected to arrange the next annual exhibition. This committee consists of the council, two Academicians not of the council, and two Associates. The officers and council of the Academy for the year ending July, 1851, are, A. B. DURAND, President; T. S. CUMMINGS, Vice-President; J. H. SHEGOGUE, Cor. Secretary; J. B. STEARNS, Recording Secretary; F. W. EDMONDS, Treasurer; T. P. ROSSITER and J. F. KENSETT, Curator, F. E. PRUD'HOMME.

Diplomas and honorary degrees are given to the members of the Academy in these elections, the Academicians using the initials "N.A.," and the Associates "A.," or "A.N.A." The number of the Academicians has hitherto been limited to thirty-five, and for two years past has been

full. The Academy has lately very wisely opened the list to the number of fifty, thereby evincing a commendable desire to keep pace with the necessities and wants of the rapidly increasing and advancing body of artists. The Royal Academy of London has, from the want of this spirit of progress, grown every year more and more unpopular, until it is now regarded with positive disfavor both by artists and the public. The number of the members of this unprogressive body is as limited now as it was at its foundation seventy years ago, while the number of artists possessing every qualification for and claim upon its privileges and honors, is twenty times as large.

FACTS AND OPINIONS

OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND MOVEMENTS OF THE DAY.

A CORRESPONDENT at Copenhagen, under date of March 1st, writes to us: "H. C. Oersted, the great physician (student of physical nature), is buried to-day. An universal solemnity and sorrow pervade the whole city, even to the lower ranks of society. His discoveries will give him lasting honor, and his work, 'The Soul in Nature,' will be his monument. A few months since he held the fiftieth anniversary of his succession to a Professorship, upon which occasion the King gave him an especial title, and the University created a new Doctorate to honor him. The streets are filled with mourners, and clad in black and evergreens. The columns of the Journals for some days have been crowded with elegies, of which H. C. Andersen has given the most beautiful. Oersted was the last of the trio which has been an honor to Denmark and Europe—Thorvaldsen, Oehlenschläger, Oersted."

The *Athenæum* (March 29) gives some further particulars of the offer at auction of the Waverley copyrights:—

"The sale on Wednesday last of the entire stock and copyright of the life and works of Sir Walter Scott had excited, as was to be expected, great interest in the trade,—and brought a very large gathering of the craft to the London Coffee House. Publishers from the Row and from Albemarle Street, booksellers from Ave Maria and Ivy Lanes, stationers from the adjoining Hall and from mills many miles distant, and printers from Printing-House Square, Stamford Street, and Whitefriars, met on that day in the large room of the coffee-house:—some to bid—many to watch what was going on—and all anxious to ascertain who were to be the rival bidders, and who the future possessors of the wizard's wand. Mr. Hodgson commenced by reading the conditions of sale; and that over, took to figures of accounts and of speech—and invited a bidding. Then began a series of questionings: 'Why ask a bidding for the stock and copyright in one?' 'Why should the London trade be obliged to take the stock at an Edinburgh valuation?' 'Better put them up separately.' This drew forth explanations. The stock had been valued at 10,109l. 3s.—a very low figure indeed; but the matter was open to reference afterwards. The two things must be sold as one: the purchaser of the copyright must take the stock. At length, 5,000l. was offered, followed up by 5,500l., and so on, the biddings went by jumps of 500l. at a time, till the figure had reached 10,000l. In this stage of the contest fresh questions began to rise:—'Were Mr. Cadell's trustees bidders on this occasion?' 'Was there a reserved price?' 'Yes,' it was answered, 'they retain—and perhaps will exercise—the right of bidding.' Then followed another 500l. leap; Mr. Bohn and the Row retiring, and the struggle lying between Mr. Virtue and some imaginary bidder to be seen only by the eyes of the auctioneer. At 13,500l. Mr. Virtue gave way; and after a further rivalry the hammer sounded, and the copyrights were 'bought in' at 15,000l. making the figure, including the stock, 25,109l. 3s. Some disappointment was expressed at this issue; and after

certain harsh cries and criticisms, the meeting broke into knots of talkers, and soon dispersed. The feeling seemed to be that 13,000*l.* (if we mistake not, the last genuine bidding) was a liberal sum for the copyrights. Large it certainly was when we compare it with the 8,500*l.* at which, in 1828, Scott & Cadell bought at a public sale the very same copyrights. How much has that 8,500*l.* realized in the three-and-twenty years that have since elapsed? We are almost afraid to hazard the huge figure that we have heard. Yet after such liberal use, we find that the orange when done with by the men themselves can be sold for a final suck at 4,500*l.* above the original price. Let us add, that the series of novels, &c., has a copyright of not more than twenty years to run—that Waverley expires in five years. The trustees had sent, it was said, a reserved price of 30,000*l.*"

The *Athenæum* announces Mr. Thackeray's intention, during the coming season, to deliver a course of biographical reminiscences of some of the comic writers of England during the eighteenth (?) century—the course to commence about the middle of May. Mr. T. will probably deliver these lectures in this country in his proposed visit in the autumn.

The drama written by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, as his contribution towards the fund raising for the new Literary Institute, is now in the hands of the literary and artistic amateurs. Rehearsals are in progress, and the first performance is talked of for the town residence of the Duke of Devonshire in June; to be followed, in the summer and autumn, by a series of performances in one of the regular theatres, and afterwards in the provinces. Mr. Webster has bought the right of performing it at his theatre at the expiration of two years, for 500 guineas.

Mr. John Dickens, of the London Daily News, and father of the celebrated novelist, died March 31, at Keppel street, Russell Square. He was in his sixty-sixth year. He formerly held, says the *Morning Chronicle*, "a situation in the Navy-Pay-office, and up to his death enjoyed a pension for long service, but had long devoted himself to journalism—principally in the reporting departments. For some time he was connected with the *Mirror of Parliament*, when edited by a relative of his own. He afterwards retired to the neighborhood of Exeter, from which he arrived in town to take part in the establishment of the Daily News."

The following, which we find in the *Newark Daily Advertiser*, is, we presume, to be credited to Samuel J. Gardner, Esq., since the absence of Mr. Kinney in Europe, the acting and responsible editor of that journal. Mr. Gardner, besides his always fresh and intelligent leaders on politics and society, is the author of the articles signed "Decius," which, with the communications of "Cæsarionensis," have given a high reputation to the belles-lettres columns of the *Advertiser*. There is something to be said for every cause and occasion—even the somewhat inconvenient custom of the universal hand-shaking—an institution which should be the subject of some limitations. The paragraph which we quote is premonitory of a decline, and politicians may congratulate themselves. "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung!"—"We have the shaking of the hands left yet; but how long it will remain, no man has the power to tell. Our hold of it is exceedingly precarious, and is even now at our fingers' ends. There used to be a great variety of the shake, which anybody, who chooses to consult the old authors, may read for himself; such as the grip, the open-handed grasp, the squeeze, the strip, the jerk, the tip of the fingers, and others. To enlarge on these is no part of our intention now. The present object is far more serious. The custom of shaking hands on meeting friends is almost universal. It is doubtless a mark of pleasure for the interview. The time has been, we believe, when the same symbol was made use of on departure. Did that also intimate the delight of the parties at separation? Not so; it was the renewal of the pledge of friendship, when the interview was over. This portion of the symbolic language of

the hand appears to stand now on dubious footing. We may be morbidly apprehensive; but it has lately seemed to us, that since the talk about the Constitution and Secession, this beautiful and expressive ceremony has been manifestly relaxing. If it be a fact, it is an alarming one. If we lose our hold of this expressive custom, will not the States, as well as individuals, slip away from one another? What security can the nation have for the continued union of the States, if they let go each other's hands? We therefore earnestly exhort every individual throughout the country to shake hands more than ever; for it is our firm opinion that a dissolution of the Union is next to impossible, as long as the people shall resolve to keep fast hold, and shake each other's digits in either of the ways that we have mentioned."

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"W. E. A." and "H." received.

WILLIAM H. MOORE & Co., of Cincinnati (and to be had of M. H. Newman & Co., New York), will publish on the first of May, "The Course of Creation: a Popular Treatise on the Structure of the Earth, and the History of its Creation. By John Anderson, D.D., a scientific and learned Geologist of Newburg, Scotland," which is said by the English critics to be a very valuable work. Dr. Anderson adopts a middle course between the views of Lyell on one hand and Agassiz and De Beaumont on the other.

In recording the death of Mr. Samuel Bagster, one of the oldest of the present race of booksellers, we would venture to offer a word in recognition of the deep debt due to himself and family for what they have done towards the circulation, and assistance rendered to the student and the Christian in the reading, of the Holy Scriptures. It is impossible to give an account here of all the labors brought to bear upon the various editions and the various languages in which the Bible has been printed under the late Mr. Bagster's superintendence. It must be a great comfort to his surviving family to know that his has been, by God's mercy, a useful life.

The Longmans announce a cheap edition of some of the celebrated articles of the Edinburgh Review, commencing with Macaulay's Warren Hastings, to be followed by the same writer's Clive. Also, Wesleyan Methodism, by Isaac Taylor.

Nisbet & Co. have in press, *The Useful Arts, their Birth and Development*, by Rev. Dr. Bickersteth, Dr. Hamilton, &c., &c., edited by Rev. Samuel Martin and illustrated; also the Works of Lady Colquhoun, whose Memoirs were recently published.

On the 16th instant another valuable property will be submitted to competition, of hardly less interest to our numerous publishers—the Cabinet Cyclopædia, originally commenced by Dr. Lardner. This work comprises 133 volumes, which include many copyrights of works by some of the greatest authors of the age, and offers an extensive range for speculation in reprints.

Mr. Bohn has published a stout 8vo. volume on Gilray and his Caricatures, by Thomas Wright and R. H. Evans. It will serve as a letter-press commentary to the folio of the Artist's Plates published by Mr. Bohn.

No. 1. of Mr. Ruskin's folio series of plates, "Examples of the Architecture of Venice," is to appear next month.

Messrs. Seeley have in press, "Selections from the Christian Poets, Ancient and Modern."

Mr. Murray, "Rovings in the Pacific, from 1837 to 1849, by a Merchant long Resident at Tahiti."

Mr. Pickering, a new edition of Dr. Dibdin's elaborately Annotated Translation of Thomas à Kempis, 9s., and a new edition of the original Latin Text, in 24mo., 5s.

Mr. Bohn has issued the second and concluding volume of his Prose Translation of Homer.

Blackwood and Sons announce a Series of Six Lectures on the Poetical Literature of the Past

Half Century, by D. M. Moir (the Delta of Blackwood's Magazine).

Bagster and Sons have nearly ready an edition of the Septuagint version of the Old Testament.

The Memoirs of Wordsworth, by his Son, are promised early in April, in 2 vols. 8vo., 30s.

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